THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE FEDERAL EDUCATIONAL BILL

THERE are a veritable host of mighty objections to legislation seeking to establish Federal Control of Education through such measures as that now pending in Congress known as the Sterling Reed Bill. Strenuous attack may be made from any angle but one vulnerable point seems, strangely, to have been overlooked. It is a potent argument that, and, if it be religious (and the opposition is claimed to be entirely religious by the National Education Association) then will we all be converts to the faith. As the estimable David Harum remarked, a man's heart is considerably closer to his breeches pocket than to the one in his vest.

The pending bill, as have all others, calls for an appropriation of $100,000,000 to be apportioned and allotted in certain specified ways, and it is to these "ways" that attention should be directed.

There is a subsidy of seven and one half millions for the instruction of illiterates over fourteen years of age, to be spent for native-born children in the proportion that the number in each state bears to the total number in the United States, excluding outlying possessions. Now the southern states with hordes of illiterate Negroes profit hugely, while those with illiterate immigrants get practically nothing. As a sort of sop another seven and a half is set aside for Americanization of immigrants over the age of fourteen by teaching them to speak and read the English language, but since no portion is set aside for instruction in the art of writing, illiteracy among them would hardly be utterly annihilated. This is no finicky criticism. The Secretary of Education as proposed, and if and when established, is to determine whether or not appropriated funds have been duly expended for allotted purposes—and writing is not such a purpose. Should a state receiving the subsidy use funds for such instruction, the Secretary may, and indeed must, withhold further allotments.

No immigrant under fourteen can be benefited, since that too would be clear dissipation of funds, and such application being a diversion, would be construed as money which "by action or contingency" has been "diminished or lost." It would be a bar to all participation in future federal grants until moneys so used

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had been formally replaced by the offending state, and submission properly made to the Secretary. The Secretary would needs withhold allotments since, having power to audit accounts submitted by the states, he would be charged with knowledge of the manner in which the moneys had been spent.

Iowa, by the queerly contrived system of apportionment, would appear to be a grand beneficiary, but unless an Iowan be simple indeed, he will see that those very apportionments lay him wide open to further tax bills in an amount greater than that of his apparent gain. Iowa, for example, will receive $3,046,000, but an equal sum to match the largess must be raised from her own people, so Iowans too would groan along with the rest of us under the rising tax rate. No part of the federal millions and no part of the second hundred millions which must be raised to match them may be used for the equipment or preservation or erection of new schools. Those are always needed so there stands the prospect of still further and intensified demands for cash to fill the gaping maw of the N. E. A. and its supporters. Iowa, along with the rest of us, pays the bill, if and when the bill becomes a law. Governments get cash only through taxation and those who would receive from them must first contribute and then pay expense of collection and distribution—no mean additions to the cost. Under the bill, moneys are to be spent in proportions to be ascertained from the last preceding census, but it was late in 1924 when figures for the 1920 census became available. In fourteen years there had been mighty changes. There was the Negro migration to the North, but those states where the Negro increased tremendously could not profit by his presence. Having as it well might be thousands and thousands of native-born illiterates, delays in publication denied them participation in the loot. Politics and fear of Congressional readjustment will still hold back the figures and the prospective control of hundreds of millions of dollars will not, very likely, hasten the arrangement and announcement.

Twenty million dollars is to be spent for Physical Education and is to be allotted according to population. The normal plan one would think, would be to use that money for those who need it most, for the poor in the tenement districts of the big cities, but the draughtsmen of the bill devoted it according to the figures of the last, or rather the last available, census. These three consume 35 percent of the federal fund.

Turn now to the 65 percent to be applied in "public elementary and secondary schools for the partial payment of teachers' salaries, for providing better instruction and extended school terms especially in the rural districts and sparsely settled communities, for the extension and adaptation of public libraries for educational purposes and for the preparation of teachers for public school service by providing and extending facilities for their improvement." Fifty million dollars is to be divided into two parts. One part is to be paid to the states in the proportion which the number of children (sic) between six and twenty-one bears to the total number of such children in the United States, and the other part in the proportion which the number of teachers in the state bears to the total number of teachers in the United States. The first part goes mainly to the cities where school facilities are ordinarily best, and where funds are less needed and the second part goes to those states which already have the most teachers and presumably the most facilities. It would seem that states with smaller populations which are generally rural should get the lion's share of that first part, and the states with fewer teachers more than those wherein there is already a surplus.

Now although the money is to be paid, in part, in proportion to the number of so-called children between six and twenty-one, in order to share in the grand cut a state must maintain a compulsory education law for children between the ages of seven and fourteen and if that should be a requirement, one may be pardoned for wondering why the number of children seven years past school age should, in any case, be a factor. One might also wonder when a district becomes rural and when a community is sparsely settled in the purview of those who wrote the bill. A shrewd analysis of carefully chosen statistics might furnish some interesting revelations. Of these sums apportionments may be made at all only to states where the English language is the basic language of instruction in all schools, public and private. In plain English, or plainer American, regardless of what is done in public schools, if a state dare permit a private school to give instruction in a common school branch in French, that state shall forthwith be barred from share in federal pap. That such instruction in such language is a most excellent means of acquiring such language seems a matter of small moment. It is tyrannical to declare that no state may permit the operation of a foreign language school within its borders. One may well suspect ulterior purposes, elsewhere plainly manifest, in this bill, which far from aiding education, would destroy not education only but the liberties of the people.

One of two things is true. Either the bill was drawn to conceal its true purpose by juggling the proportions in which the money is to be spent, or it was not. If it was, obviously it should be killed. If it was not, then a sane method of apportionment should have been devised so that those with greatest need might profit most. The method proposed is not such a one, and in either contingency the bill should be beaten. It is no answer to say the matters may be met by amendment. With that we are not concerned. I would propose to amend by striking out all after the words "A Bill." For the present we must deal with the bill as it stands. Amendments when proposed may be taken up in turn, but that is a task for the future.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

AS The Commonweal felt obliged to protest in as strong terms as were compatible with courtesy against the publication by the New York Evening Post, on December 26, of certain remarks highly offensive to Catholics, contained in one of Katherine Mayo's articles on conditions in the Philippines, we feel that we should quote the following editorial article from the New York Evening Post of January 17, which bears the title, A Disavowal:—

"In one of Katherine Mayo's series of articles on conditions in the Philippines, published in the news columns of this newspaper on December 26, there appeared irreverent and offensive remarks against the sacred belief of Christians, remarks that should not have been permitted to appear.

"The attitude of the Evening Post is one of sincere sympathy and deep respect for religion, and its record in this regard should acquit it of any charge that it could deliberately be guilty of assailing religion. But, in order that there may be no misunderstanding, it should be explicitly stated now that this newspaper disavows any such intent, regrets that the statement appeared, and expresses sorrow that its publication should have given pain to any of its readers."

IN its comments on this unpleasant episode, The Commonweal stated that while the author of the offending article undoubtedly bore the main burden of responsibility, the editors who had allowed her baseless remarks to be published could not be exculpated from blame. The Commonweal certainly did not believe that the editors in question could possibly have been actuated by motives of hostility to Catholicism. It did believe, however, that in this case, as in so many others of the kind, that they had not properly investigated the statements of the writer of the article. Disagreeable as it is to indulge in controversies of this nature, we yet believe that it is only by directing public attention to the careless and unthinking way in which far too many editors of important journals treat subjects connected with Catholicism that this condition can be remedied. Catholics certainly have no just cause for complaint if their opinions or their beliefs are opposed by those honestly at variance with them; but they do have the right to ask their opponents and critics to base their opposition upon facts, not hearsay, upon verifiable documents, and not upon anonymous "tracts" and mere gossip. So far as this particular case is concerned, we think that the editors of the New York Evening Post are to be complimented upon the frank and ample character of their disavowal of the scandalous and inexcusably harmful words of their contributor.

A NAVAL treaty for the limitation of armament covers, somewhere in its content, the permissibility of "major" and "minor" alterations to armament existing at the time of the signing of the treaty. It is proposed by some naval officers of one of the signatory powers to elevate naval guns, thereby gaining, as laymen understand the situation, a not inconsiderable addition to gun-range. Two of the signatory powers agree that this alteration may be made and this advantage gained without violation of the treaty, on the ground that such elevation would constitute only a minor alteration. A third principal signatory power is silent; a fourth disagrees, claiming that an alteration which will increase the range of a heavy naval gun is not a minor but a major alteration, incompatible with the treaty.

THE chief executive of the power desiring to elevate announces, that, while the right to elevate is incontestable under the treaty, to do so might initiate competition and declines therefore to authorize elevation. Assuming that in their interpretation of the treaty in favor of elevation both the naval and legal experts are right, is it not to be assumed also that a treaty for limiting armament is drawn primarily for the purpose of limiting (if not of eliminating) competition in armament, and that any act by which competition might be induced is in violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the treaty? If that is so, why, in the name of modern diplomacy, may it not be so stated?

A THOUSAND examples could be given to show the interest which peoples have always exhibited

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in the interpretation of dreams. Napoleon's Book of Fate and other mendacious manuals still command a steady sale. Of late the theories of Freud and the exploits of the psychoanalysts have brought the matter before us with added prominence. Those who still believe in the excessive claims of the dream analysts will receive something of a shock in discovering that certain classes of dreams can apparently be provided at will by taking the appropriate drugs. Everybody knows what opium can do in this way, if not from personal experience, at least from the writings of de Quincey and others; and most people have read of hashish the active principle of which is Indian hemp. But now it appears as if those mysterious and minute secretions of the ductless glands in the body can also affect the dreams.

A MEDICAL man has recently published an account of a case in which he administered minute doses of pituitary extract, the product of that tiny gland dependent from the base of the brain which, in the process of development, when it goes too far, produces giants, and when not far enough, dwarfs. Whenever his patient took a dose of this she was favored with delightful and highly colored dreams, was constantly traveling—her great delight—in cars of bright hue, with attendants in new uniforms and gold braid, and alighting at stations which had always been freshly painted. Then it became necessary to vary the treatment and administer adrenalin, another of these wonderful products. As a consequence the delightful dreams vanished and were replaced by others unpleasant in their character and filled with quarrels. The proof is clear that whilst there may be dreams which point back to some trouble in past life, there are at least a great many of them which are clearly referable to changes in the character of the blood or perhaps even lymph streams effected by diet or by medicines which after all are a form of diet. No doubt the eminent psychoanalyst who studied Hamlet and announced that his trouble was that he was in love with his mother, would still make something out of the bright cars and their brilliant attendants—but sensible people will make no mistake in concluding that the drug was the sole cause.

CATHOLICS with a sense of social justice (and no true Catholic is without it) will have been reading, with quite special interest, despatches that have been appearing from time to time in the New York press from Douarnenez in Finistère. They reveal a condition of upheaval in the civil life of the Breton department which by now seems to have grown endemic. The climax to a strike, already some two months old, may be said to have been reached on New Year's day, when a riot broke out between strike-breakers and townsfolk, in which the suspended mayor, M. Le Flanchec, was shot twice in the neck, his nephew hit in the forehead by revolver bullets, and three sailors wounded. At present a state of semi-military occupation, recalling the Chouan wars, reigns throughout the department, with gendarmerie in occupation of "strategic points."

CATHOLICS are always averse to violence, however indefensible the economic situation that has precipitated it. But violence is particularly hateful and ominous to them when it breaks out among a population so deeply impregnated with Catholic tradition as the fisher folk and peasantry of Brittany. The social and economic implications of the present trouble have their roots a long way in the past. They are due in large measure to the control over the wage-earners of the town and district exercised by the sardine packing concerns and middlemen, who have had no trouble hitherto in fixing a wage schedule to suit themselves, for the employees, largely women and young girls, who work in their plants; and a price scale for the catches made by brothers, fathers and husbands, upon whose courage and skilled seamanship, the entire industry, in the last issue, depends.

THESE packers form a class that would well repay detailed study. Often men of vast wealth, but sprung from the ranks of the smaller trading folk, their chateaux dot the hillsides, and in some cases they have not only purchased the property, but assumed the territorial titles of the impoverished Breton noblesse. And they are traditionally shrewd to harshness in their dealings. On the face of it, the demand for a wage increase from seventy-five centimes (about ten cents) to one franc, twenty-five centimes an hour, does not seem extravagant, given the danger and uncertain returns of the sardine fishery. But it has been stubbornly resisted, and today the entire force of the government is being employed in protecting the strike breakers, who, even according to the report issued by the Ministry of the Interior, were responsible for the bloodshed of January 1.

WHAT complicates the situation, but at the same time furnishes it with its fit moral, is the coincidence that the strike at Douarnenez synchronises with demonstrations of a very different character reported from Quimper and Folgoet, near Brest. These demonstrations are being held to protest against the Herriot policies, which have brought the much-vaunted "Union Sacrée" to an end by resuming the religious persecution suspended during the war. In one case, as in the other, the Herriot cabinet has no better answer than the display of armed force, and the absurd charge, which only the desperate situation in which it finds itself can explain, that a concerted attempt is being

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made by the extreme Right and extreme Left to foment the situation to the detriment of the old Radical-Republican "bloc" of "priest-eaters" and of exploiters.

A GOVERNMENT that cannot bring to settlement a disagreement in which the outstanding divergence is about the price of a car-fare per hour, stands convicted of economic impotence. But a government which, at the very same time, is spending money and upsetting civil order to rob an intrepid and hard-working population of the secular comfort religion offers their hard and dangerous lives, stands convicted of something worse. No one wishes well to France more sincerely than American Catholics. But to pull down the altars where the Man-God who chose to be a poor carpenter preaches His lesson of courage and resignation, and to erect in their stead altars to Republican Union and the god of Demand and Supply, is an expedient that does not augur well for the peace and security of which she has so much need. It is a safe bet, unless the fisher folk and peasants of Finistère have changed radically within the past fifteen years, that not many tapers will be burned before the new divinities.

THE news that Dr. Carl Jung, second only to Sigmund Freud as a teacher of psychoanalysis, had managed to visit the United States and to get away again without being interviewed even by ship-news reporters, has dealt a heavy blow at the reputation of the American press for its supposed ubiquitous supervision of visiting celebrities. Dazed city editors are still wondering how it could have happened. Even the arrival of another Russian Grand Duke has not consoled them, especially as the Monday Opera Club did not have the latest visiting royalty under its eager auspices.

THE one bit of news elicited in connection with Dr. Jung's secret visit was to the effect that in a private lecture he had said that among Americans the Catholics were least in need of psychoanalysis because of the confessional, where they "eased themselves of their mental burdens." Despite the fact that Dr. Jung is said to have qualified this remark by saying that the psychoanalyst was "a more capable confessor" (!) this testimonial to the value of the confessional from a mental hygienist's point of view is not without its interest.

READERS of Mr. Jules Bois's article in this number of The Commonweal on the Superconscious will, however, find that there is another and infinitely higher value attached to Catholic sacramentalism than merely the "easing of mental burdens," and that the humblest priest is far better qualified than the most learned psychoanalyst to bring the ease that alone can affect the human soul.

A GREAT SOCIAL REFORMER

THE passing away at Lausanne of the venerable Marquis René de La Tour du Pin-Chambly renews the memory of the great days of the foundation of the Christian Social movement in France and the organization of the workman's clubs that have proved the backbone of its activities.

In 1870 the Marquis de La Tour du Pin and Count Albert de Mun, both officers in the defeated army of France and later war prisoners at Aix-la-Chapelle, recognized together the supreme importance of bringing the French working classes, riddled with the revolutionary irreligion of some seventy-five years, back to the influences of God and religion. They recognized the indifference of the classes and the masses, if not their actual hostility to Christian laws, and resolved to found an institute and apostolate that should overcome the enmities and influences of the faithless aggressors.

The oratorical powers of Count Albert de Mun pointed him out as the spokesman of the new movement while the Marquis de La Tour du Pin devoted his great intellectual powers to assemble the materials from the theologians and sociologists that provided the program for the Social Weeks that have been so effective in their influence.

The Marquis remained faithful to the Royalist party, while Count Albert de Mun accepted Republican principles, but this did not interfere with their harmonious conduct of the Christian Social party nor in their joint participation in the Union of Fribourg for the protection of workmen by international laws, anticipating, by some thirty years, the plans adopted by the International Labor Bureau in the Peace Conference at the end of the great war.

Marquis de La Tour du Pin was a generous contributor to the columns of L'Association Catholique and was the author of two important books—Vers un Order Social Chrétien and the Aphorismes de Politique Religieuse.

The history of his family is intimately bound up with the story of the Irish regiments of the Dillons in France, with the early colonial days of New York when the Marquise Henriette Lucie spent some memorable years charmingly described in her Journal d'une Femme de Cinquante Ans, 1778-81 (Paris, 1914) and the traditions of these strains in his ancestral lines —the Irish soldier-of-fortune, the French aristocrat and the American sympathizer, were all summed up in the brilliant career of René de La Tour du Pin-Chambly.

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CATHOLIC PROBATION TEST

OF THE many progressive steps taken by Cardinal Hayes in his administration of the archdiocese of New York, none seems more promising than the establishment of a probation service for the redemption of young criminals who may be convicted of felony in the court of General Sessions. The Cardinal's representatives say the work will be carried on in such a way as to constitute a thorough test of the value and efficiency of probation as a remedy for crime. The experiment is particularly timely just now, when judges are blaming the parole system, that is to say probation, for the extension of crime in these parts, and legislation is contemplated at Albany "to put teeth in the parole law."

Probation has much support as a principle in the reduction of crime and there is much evidence as to its value. The Times recently cited the experience of the State of Massachusetts as showing that "two-thirds of the adult offenders placed on probation since 1915 had no subsequent court record, while of those who were carried through the probation period and given their discharge, only 3 percent have since been committed to correctional institutions." No doubt a very large number of delinquents are rescued in all places where the plan prevails. Yet there is something in the criticism of the judges and police officials. In the all too common crimes of rapine and violence which disfigure the pages of the daily newspapers, the culprits or some of them are apt to be recidivists, to whom liberty has been given before sufficient improvement had been effected and with inefficient guardianship.

The program announced by the Cardinal is planned not only to do as much good as possible among the offenders themselves, but also to afford definite observations on which to make a permanent appraisement of the results of probation as also of the best methods to be followed. Such an experiment can only be made successful if the conditions are thoroughly favorable. In this case they will be so. Expert direction, trained officials sufficient in number for the work, sufficient funds, auxiliary social and religious agencies and an effective employment bureau are to be provided.

As head of the movement, Edwin J. Cooley, Professor of Criminology at Fordham University has been chosen. He is regarded as an authority of high degree on the subject, and he is President of the National Probation Association. He will have a staff of trained social workers to carry out his plans. The field, at least for the present, will be confined to the General Sessions, which is the principal criminal court in New York and only offenders of the Catholic faith will be taken in hand.

This enterprise will be watched with great attention by all who feel the vital importance of the problem of the young offender. It will have one strongly marked characteristic in that the religious factor will be stressed among the inducements to reform. The immediate need of the protegés of the system will be fully considered; but rehabilitation will not be conditional merely upon material progress. The effort will be made, by awakening the spiritual instincts to produce a lasting moral change in their attitude toward life.

This is the kind of progressive enterprise for which it is possible to prophecy a large measure of success without being fatuously optimistic. Assuredly no finer service could be offered to the community and no greater contribution to progress, should it succeed as all must hope it will.

BARRING SACRAMENTAL WINE

SURELY it is zeal gone mad when the new governor of Colorado proposes in his first message to the legislature the passage of an amendment to the prohibition enforcement laws of the state forbidding the use of wine for sacramental purposes. This monstrous measure would be especially grievous to Catholics. It would render the celebration of the Mass, the most sacred rite of the Church, indispensable to the practice of their religion, altogether impossible. Other communions, including the Jews, would be grossly impeded as well in carrying out the requirements of their ceremonial.

It is hard to conceive the motives prompting Governor Moreley's recommendation. As a step in combatting the "drink evil," the suggested law is absurd. Whether from the social, the economic or the hygienic point of view, the use of a few spoonfuls of wine at the altar cannot rationally be regarded as harmful to anyone. The prevention of its use can bring neither moral nor physical good. It would simply strike a deadly blow at sacred tradition and pious belief. It would rob thousands of citizens of a frequent religious experience, much more precious to them than any worldly interest.

In the Catholic Church as is well known, the laity do not partake of the chalice in receiving the Communion, but they know that in the Mass the priest does so, and that the wine is necessary to the act which is done in obedience to the command of Christ given forth at the last supper—"Do this in commemoration of me!" To interfere with so vital, so cherished a possession of the spirit would be an unparalleled act of religious oppression; it is a blow at American citizenship, which guarantees the untrammeled exercise of religion. No pretext of social or economic reform could justify it.

The priesthood and the Catholic laity of Denver are in emphatic revolt. The whole country should rise to their support. If this thing can be done, what next?

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A EUROPEAN VIEW OF THE LEAGUE

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IT may be of advantage to American readers to hear how the League of Nations in the concrete now strikes European opinion. We in Europe distinguish sharply between the League of Nations as an ideal and the actual machine, inefficient and worse, now existing.

As to the ideal, what we think about it is of course very different from what we say about it; for of all institutions this one lends itself most to conventional rhetoric and to the hypocrisy of "Public Men." But there is a very real adhesion in the European mind to the *ideal* of a League of Nations at the present time.

In the first place it is universally recognized that the mere existence of a centre to which disputes can be referred is an advantage, because it makes for delay and for consideration in international disputes; and international disputes in an area where the frontiers of sovereign nations, differing in language and religion, are packed by the dozen within a space of 800 miles by 600 are serious things.

The two nations which most keenly appreciate the impossibility of waging modern war successfully, one against the other, are England and France. The capital of each country lies, under the conditions of modern war, at the mercy of the other; and as yet there has been no adequate defensive found against the mutual offensive which war would immediately produce. If England goes to war today with France, London and a score of other lesser great centres are uninhabitable and Paris ruined. These two nations therefore, do sincerely desire some ultimate form of arbitrament. They cannot but do so. It is a matter of life and death.

To the Italians the thing is less necessary. They are no longer at the mercy of sea-power as they were before the war, for the war which has so much weakened the power of the defensive by land (not of the tactical defensive on the ground which has been strengthened, but of the national defensive against aggression upon civilians and urban centres) has immensely increased the power of the defensive by sea. No fairly well-organized nation with sufficient industrial resources is now, in Europe at least, submitted to the old threat of overwhelming sea-power. The supremacy of one fleet is no longer—though unfortunately many Englishmen refuse to accept the unpleasant truth—equivalent to a military supremacy. It does not even give security, let alone domination.

The further you go east in Europe the less the necessity for arbitrament is felt, so far as the mere destruction caused by modern war is concerned. The loosely organized societies of eastern Europe could fight without mutual self-destruction: then, industrial equipment is also too slight to make any pair of them mutually destructive. On the other hand they include the new nations, and the new nations are natural supporters of arbitration, because some are weak from their small size and lack of organization, some, like Poland, from the novelty of their present condition, and their inability as yet to have built up a sufficient military strength—though that of course is a defect which gets less with every passing month. *Politically*, therefore, all the new nations strongly support the idea of arbitrament and of the submission of any dispute to the text of treaties before an international court, although they feel the *physical* necessity of it less than do the two great western nations of France and England.

So much for the general attitude towards the ideal of the League of Nations. Now for the thing in the concrete.

The League of Nations is recognized, in the first place, to be of no definable and energetic value, because it has no armament. Even if its personnel were composed of good material—which it isn't—and even if it acted with the honest object of preventing war (which it doesn't) that objection would be fatal.

The reason the League of Nations has no armament is that the various nations "represented" upon it, and particularly the British, very naturally and properly object to submitting their armed forces, and particularly the British fleet, to alien control.

I say "very properly," because in this as in every other matter one must think out one's first principles, and it is perfectly clear that if nations are to remain sovereign nations, they cannot admit an international armed force greater than their own. It is equally clear that the modern great nations of Europe and particularly the British and the French, are determined to maintain their sovereignty.

Under such circumstances it is impossible that the League of Nations should be regarded as an effectual instrument save for the minor purpose of securing delay, or for the exercise of such vague moral force as the mere existence of a tribunal imports.

We, in Europe, then begin by regarding the League of Nations as inoperative in the largest matters because it is physically impotent. That is what we all say and think of it in private whatever we may do or speak in public. Unfortunately that doesn't prevent perpetual intrigue for securing action through the League of Nations so that what is virtually an alliance of many can be formed against one. And that leads me to the second point in which the League is criticized.

This second criticism of the League, which is made on all sides, is that inevitably its machinery is coveted

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as an allied force by each of the principal groups of political interests in Europe.

The French Foreign Office thinks of the League as useful in so far as it supports French policy, but as something to be obstructed in so far as it fails to do so.

The English enthusiasm for the League is on exactly the same lines. Those who speak in the most general and rhetorical terms of its beneficial ideal are men notorious for their strong opposition to the other great rival power to Britain, the French. During the Corfu incident of conflict between Italy and Greece the British advocates of the League used it openly for the attempted coërcion of Italy, because Greece was virtually the ally of Britain. During the recent Egyptian trouble the same men said, with vehemence, that the League had nothing to do with the affair. It is a matter of course that the German government, when or if it should be admitted, will have the same desire to use the League as an instrument in its own favor. As for the new nations they are perfectly open in the matter; the League for them (and here they are more logical than the great nations of the West) is especially useful as a preserver of their independence: otherwise they have no use for it.

In Italy there is more contempt for the League, that is, less belief that it may be used in favor of Italian objects; while the group of Terrorist Jews in Moscow openly ridicule its pretensions.

One may sum up this second criticism of the League by saying that roughly France and England, with their two opposing policies dominating Europe, are each manifestly trying to use the League for its own purpose. Germany looks forward to doing the same thing upon admission, probably by a secret understanding with England. The smaller nations make no concealment of their use of the League for their own preservation. The Italians pay little regard to it, and the so-called Russian government none.

But the most serious criticism directed against the League—the most serious because it concerns the very stuff and material with which it has to try to work—is the criticism of its personnel.

The League as at present constituted works through that type of man who is most suspected and most despised in all our European countries, the professional politician and his hangers-on. The League is not nationally representative. It does not work through such men as the principal soldiers, writers, scientists and other great national figures, whom the nations to which they belong both honor and regard as really representative. It speaks through the mouths of parliamentarians, and that at a moment when all Europe has repudiated the parliamentary system at heart and the great nations have openly kicked it out. All Europe knows that the parliamentarians on the League are nominated by nobody but themselves, and therefore have no moral standing. What is worse the League, as now constituted, votes to these men or their adherents ridiculously large sums of money which the taxpayer has to pay, but in the assignment of which he has no voice at all.

The League in the first few years after its inception was a Tom Tiddler's ground, compared with which even those lucrative mines the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and the House of Commons in London, yielded but poor returns. The air was thick with news of appointments of this, that and the other intriguer to this, that and the other post, at a salary out of all proportion to the man's ability or even to the functions which he was supposed to perform.

It is this disgust with an inferior parliamentary personnel and with an undisguised money motive impelling them which has done the League most harm in European opinion: therefore it is the one point which you will never find mentioned in our official press of large circulation; the Times, the Matin, the Tribuna, though it is mentioned very vigorously indeed in what may be called the free press, such as the Idea Nazionale or the Action Française. No one can take the assembly at Geneva seriously so long as the personnel remains appointed and coöpted by parliamentarians and grossly overpaid; that is, so long as it is a mere pasture for professional politicians working with the object of gain.

Lastly we are all saying this of the League—that it does nothing *quâ* League. As an instrument of French policy it arranged upper Silesia—to the howls of execration of the opponents of that policy. As an agent of British policy it gives a "mandate"—blessed word—for Danzig, which forms today what is virtually an anti-Polish protectorate. As an agent of French and British policy combined it keeps off Islam, and notably does it keep off Egypt and Morocco. But as League, as a body of universal opinion it does nothing.

Of all these points, I, personally should emphasize that of personnel. I am quite sure that with European opinion as it is upon all parliaments, ridiculing them in England, hating them elsewhere, the manning of the League by parliamentarians directly and indirectly ruins any chance of authority for it—and the money side of the thing makes it scandalous.

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THE SENSE OF THE DIVINE

By JULES BOIS

IN a preceding article we set the superconscious versus the subconscious, and so tried to make them both better known according to Rembrandt's process, by contrasting shadow with light. Now we aim to show how the superconscious—inspiration, initiative, love—works in everybody's life; and, though orthodox mystics are shining testimonies of this radiant self and of something more, we believe we are able to prove by facts that this state of soul is not the unique privilege of a few, and *in se,* is not mystical only.

A power imparted by God to man, it speaks the message of life and truth, giving the lie to Pantheism, and to the reborn antique and subtle error, known as "immanency."

We have been granted certain faculties; them we leave dormant or stir up to work, but in either case, they are God's but not God, and if there is any immanency, it does not differ from the natural evolution which makes the acorn produce an oak. For our growth, of course, power of will is also requisite, and not only our will power, but the divine grace; nevertheless this does not mean God's immanency or emanativeness—it signifies merely self-expression or the unfolding of what is at birth folded within each one of us individually.

We all have more or less superconscious endowment—if not always in mind, at least in heart. The higher self, so called, is simply our true self, our human reality cleansed from dust and mud, and thus susceptible of being bathed and vivified by the Lord's compassion. Consequently, when I employ a phrase like the "divine self," it amounts with me only to a literary magnification or a poetical mode of expressing the rare gifts and heavenly favor as Bossuet did in his panegyric of the Saint of Avila, speaking of "la Divine Thérèse," or in our current reference to "the divine Shakespeare." This majestic figure of speech should have all the more acceptance in modern psychology since, until now on the pretext of exposing our subconscious, psychiatrists and their disciples have depicted man with the nature of the monkey or the penguin. We are not God, but our soul possesses a sixth sense—"the sense of the Divine"—by which we are able to catch a ray of the eternal star.

It is related that an idealistic writer, Herder, on his deathbed uttered this admirable word—"Speak a great thought to refresh me." All of us, like Herder, could voice this wish without awaiting the last agony. When reduced to ourselves, we falter on the path of existence. How small a thing we are in the vast universe, where hostile forces spy upon us! Alas! the most dreadful of them live in us and torment us. But a light breath of air suddenly brushes our brow; testimony of true love, a remembered stanza of a favorite poet, the maxim of a sage, an example of heroism, an emotion of piety, almost forgotten, but rising again; a tear which, as it falls, unfolds consolation. And we are comforted. A god has passed our way: he has awakened in our brain and heart an incomprehensible presence.

The mystery of human weakness I have dwelt upon under a thousand aspects; and yet have never despaired because it prepares for us the opening of a new mystery—our greatness and our glory. Pride is overthrown, and it is far better; but hope remains, with an unshaken confidence.

Now a question is asked—"What is that spark divine, which appears, disappears and reappears, flying forth from the profundities of our human abyss?"

Is it not a ray from God, from God with us and within us, piercing by its golden shaft through the more noble and beautiful sentiments, emotions, thoughts, acts, called forth from the vitals of our being? We were created to be the mirror of the Supreme; but many times, so thick is the mist of our sin, that the soul is encircled by the dusk of night. Still, repentance and atonement again break the way for the shining of our spiritual sun.

Obstinate agnostics affirm that this splendor, half-beheld around and within us, is an illusion, and exists only in our wish. Let them believe what they feel, and ignore the power which their shallowness had compelled to ignore them . . . However it be, it is impossible to treat as fancies these intimate tokens which merely by our fault are too often unrecognized. Irony and narrow positivism will scarcely adumbrate the gleams of Heaven perceived by all, at least on memorable occasions; pre-judgments will never be able to extinguish the inner light. All they could do was to delay the advent of the superconscious in modern psychology.

Our higher self builds a bridge between the Infinite and our modest every day personality. It teaches us that humanity, when it sprang from its Creator's hand, was divine, and makes us remember that in Christ Divinity was made man.

In this our life we are at the moment of struggle, of almost constant oscillation from beauty to ugliness, from virtue to looseness, from unquiet inspiration to satisfied cynicism. Working and waiting for the training, taming, reëducating of "the human, too human" by our divine self, we need painful shocks from the outer world so that the magnificent expected One may enter in.

His manifestations are intermittent; still they are

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facts. Unworthy though we be, He comes since He is to come, so as to make us acknowledge his vicinity which just now we had denied or even scoffed at. Having once softly knocked at the door of our soul, as we fall asleep again He knocks once more, and now and then by some great trial He breaks down the barrier if we do not open to Him.

How difficult and complex are the conditions of this singular intercourse! Assuredly meditation and solitude are blessed by Him; but perturbation and violence—just because, then, we go too far from His sight—sometimes contribute, by reaction, to reveal the necessity of His presence. Hours of happiness (not superficial joy or frivolous pleasure) are opportunity for us, when they are calm, to bathe gently in the celestial tide. Lawful love has its utility, and chastity also; maladies, as well as fullness of health, wanderings through the universe, equally with the silent seclusion of study. Our attachment to life's duties, He turns to profitable account as well as the enthusiasm for a heroic death. Everything that carries us away and snatches us from the grasp of earth and the flesh—even that beauty of nature which makes us think of the supernatural—serves to lift the veil from Him who is secreted within us.

But the shorter way to Him is the best of our native constitution which I call the higher self—the "sense of the divine." Through its victory over our trivial bents we attain the power to hold up before God a fairer likeness of ourself; we are again our fundamental reality—if I may say so, we become diaphanous to the Light of the World, whereas in our ordinary state we register but deformed reflections.

Though our activities in modern days are rather an intoxicating oblivion than a serene accomplishment, we never alsolutely break away from the divine need. We are, as it were, tracked down by it. Remorse and fervor alike are an evidence of this—even blasphemy! A hidden treasure is throbbing within out soul; it sheds itself abroad, in new vigor for emergencies to meet—and in resistance and indomitable hope at our time of misfortune.

The higher self dominates history which is at bottom but the malleability of events under the hands of heroes guided by Providence. One day our age will return to Bossuet's concept limned in his universal account of the great adventures of nations. Preceding the heroes, we see prophets and saints as the preördained leaders of peoples and races. When they are followed, their country prospers and triumphs: but when spirituality declines, the most powerful empires are shattered and crumble down, like Babylon, Nineveh, the Egyptian Thebes, Delhi and Rome.

Aesthetics also is but the song of the same soul—melody, ductilized in the atmosphere of human genius, as ether, is the medium of the spherical music, inaudible to our infirm ears.

The lower self lives and abides in the annals of mankind, only when the higher animates, regenerates it and wins it over as instrument and servitor. As Emerson wrote in Conduct of Life—"No object really interests us but man, and in man only his superiorities," for his superiorities are, though pale and finite, the copy of the One whose image he must be. Emerson is positively inspired when oriental theosophy and pantheism do not blind his lucid understanding; then his finesse of observation can be compared with the visual acumen of an analyst of solar rays. "What we commonly call man," he proclaims, "the eating, drinking, planting man does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul whose organ he is. When it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love."

The doctrine of Aquinas on the soul's unity, indivisibility and regular acting through the greater as well as the lesser of mind's and body's phenomena, finds a new confirmation in the identity of efficaciousness between inspiration and the force which endeavors to realize the good. In laboratory cures this is obvious. Here divine afflatus volatilizes the multifarious complexes. Strangely enough, the sap of poetical genius is also the vehicle of victory on the battlefield. History is in accordance with this law. In young Sophocles contending against the Persians at Salamis, or in Byron rehabilitated by his generous death at Missolonghi—did not the higher self unite the poet and the hero?

The same grandiose energy serves several ends; it works in the detail and the whole. There is neither creative art nor virtue, courage nor love, without contact with that spark illumining what is most obscure. Every magnanimous deed, known or unknown, any sort of kindness or beauty, is a prodigy accomplished by the power we are attempting to describe. Its first characteristic is to arise far away from our empiric consciousness. Before dictating to the Homeridae their epos, the muse which belongs to that higher plan in man's constitution, had already swelled with bold fire the heart of the real Achilles, and had rendered Ulysses patient and subtle.

Life's source has the purity of snow and the glow of a furnace—a volcano lies beneath the glacier.

He who has received a scintillation of that flame can no longer satisfy himself with egotistic tasks. He has become a torch whose light even the foot of death cannot trample into extinction.

To aid and serve by gesture and by song, whatever be his talent and his mission, he nevermore evades; and his disciples walk willingly in the footsteps of the master.

Not all will perhaps capture the smile of fortune. Yet are they really vanquished? No; others after them shall carve more definitely the ideal that is scarcely sketched upon the marble of destiny. The chain shall not be broken because a few links have

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weakened. An immense faith dwells within our heart. Not only is it the wherefore of our existence, but it still shall strengthen and refresh our successors. An epitaph from the Greek anthology advises the passer-by—"A sailor who met shipwreck on this coast, counsels thee—'embark!' The ocean currents which bore me to destruction have enabled an entire fleet to sail in safety to far distant shores!" So sounds the voice of a liberated spirit to the others who are still in the flesh. . . .

Are we to leave to the ancients, and especially to the Greeks, the privilege, should it be merely literary, of having best expressed the superconscious? No, indeed; since the superconscious has been truly and completely revealed to us, in Christian life and Christian art.

With Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius, stoicism has transmitted it to us, to be sure, yet with dryness, in a sad, aimless renunciation—almost unhumanly. Ah! the superconscious is thoroughly disclosed only by those who have hope; and hope springs from faith. If you ask what literary episode, in my eyes, affords not only plenary vision of this sunlight on the summits of our being, but also the keenest analysis of this soul-state, to Augustine we must turn, where in his Confessions he relates that solemn and tender conversation between him and his mother, who was to die a few days after. They were meditating by the window of their house at Ostia, where the breeze from the garden blew against their faces, reflective, harmonious.

The tumult of the flesh was silenced—silenced "the fantasies of earth, water and air." Silenced, too, "the poles;" yea, their very soul, step by step, grew also silenced to itself without tremor of feeling or restlessness of mind; and then, under the wings of maternal and filial love, was formulated in their own spirit, the voice of uncreated wisdom, coming from the beyond, but passing through the within, and using the created wisdom as her silent magna-vox.

Then perhaps the highest moment in planetary literature, outside of the Bible and the Gospel, was reached by a man and a woman.

I will add that the chapters a little before this one, as well as those immediately following it, ought to be joined to this immortal episode, as the atmosphere of a scene is essential to making the scene understood. Details about Monica's character, her virtue, her example, the dramatic incidents, interior and external, accompanying the saint's death, even the simplest and above all the most human ones, render more accessible the central Beatific Vision, as do forests and meadows surrounding an austere mountain peak. This sweetness and modesty, allied to grandeur, are the Christian's privilege and glory.

The superconscious, we are so taught, is not a specimen in a museum, nor a compartment in a library, nor even the steep upward flight of the solitary thinker; but on the contrary, the coöperation of souls with one another, when, drenched with sorrow and worship, they are able to taste the joy of sacrifice, under the eye of the One who abides beyond consciousness and superconsciousness, in the wisdom and love which created us.

THE BOLSHEVIK WAR ON RELIGION

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

(*Interest in the famous Cieplak trial which took place in Moscow in March, 1923, will be revived by the rumor of the visit to the United States this year of the Archbishop Cieplak himself to an American-Polish Conference in Detroit, February 18; but that the Cieplak trial is far from having been forgotten is proved by the issue of the second edition of Captain Francis McCullagh's The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity* [*John Murray, London*]. *This second edition is revised and enlarged and brought up to date by means of a special preface which runs as follows*:)

SIX weeks after the publication of the first edition of this book I was called upon to write a preface for the second edition, but exigencies of space will compel me to be very condensed and to omit much. I cannot, however, omit to mention with gratitude the encouraging letters I have received from members, clerical and lay, of many religious bodies of Great Britain and America, and the very friendly and generous reviews which have been given me by British and American newspapers, secular and confessional, which differ from me on religious matters. The writers of these letters and of these reviews contributed doubtless to the success of my book, and I am grateful to them for that; but I am even more grateful to them for having revealed to me how great is the public in England and America (a public not composed exclusively of "the pious rich") which is profoundly and charitably interested in the current religious history of Russia.

Another cause of satisfaction to me, I must confess, was the fact that, three weeks after this book appeared, Archbishop Cieplak's punishment was "altered to perpetual banishment from Russia"—as the Bolsheviks somewhat ludicrously phrased it—and that the prosecution hanging over the Patriarch's head was quashed.

Rakovsky, the Bolshevik representative in London, had undertaken to obtain the release of all the priests, and simulated surprise when the prison door opened to liberate only one—and to admit three. Those three

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Catholic priests were arrested on no particular charge, and they as well as the priests who were condemned with Cieplak are kept as hostages in order that the Archbishop may refrain for their sake from telling the world the dread secrets of the Bolshevik charnel houses.

Till he crossed the frontier on April 10, the Archbishop was under the impression that the death sentence passed on him a year earlier still remained in force, for by a refinement of cruelty, he had never been told of its mitigation. According to the Daily Mail's Riga correspondent, he had frequently been asked to sign a recantation similar to that which the Patriarch had signed; but he had always refused, though presumably compliance would have led to his immediate release. When conducted by a guard to the frontier, he understood that he was merely being transferred to a provincial prison; and when he found himself on the Latvian side of the border, his pleasure was marred by the discovery that he was without money or food. Ragged, emaciated, dazed, and weary, this grey-bearded man looked such a pitable object that, without knowing who he was, a young Lettish Lutheran bought him a ticket to Riga and gave him some bread. The Archbishop is now in Rome, where, though treated with all the reverence due to a confessor for the Faith, he does not forget those who stood beside him in the dock on Palm Sunday, 1923; nor should the world forget them. Krylenko denounced Cieplak as the arch-criminal, and dismissed all the others, save Budkiewicz and Fedorov, as merely tools, so that Moscow has now no logical reason for detaining those others after having released the leader.

As for the Patriarch, the quashing of the prosecution means nothing, whereas the arrest of his right-hand man, Bishop Hilarion, and his exile to the Arctic regions is a serious blow to the Orthodox Church. Only forty years of age, of fine presence, powerful intellect, great courage, and great piety, Hilarion is by far the ablest of the Orthodox leaders, and it was he who rallied all Moscow round Tikhon after that prelate's release from the Bonskoi monastery. Hilarion had been a brilliant young scientist who forsook a world that offered him everything for a friar's cell which offered him nothing, but Tikhon wisely drew him from his retirement and intended to make him Patriarch in case the Bolsheviks prevented a real Church Council being called. That intention cannot now be carried out, and Tikhon may be the last of the Russian Patriarchs. It is true that an attempt is being made to convoke a council at Moscow or Constantinople, but as it will be under Turkish and Bolshevik auspices, no more need be said about it. In February, 1924, I picked up in the Bolshevik Legation at Riga a copy of the Soviet telegraphic bulletin, and there, to my horror, I saw an item, couched in grave, ecclesiastical language, to the effect that arrangements for the summoning of this council were being made by the "Sacred Synod"—in other words, by the clerical Soviet which now rules the "Living Church." This is the first time that the Soviet government has acted as the mouthpiece of the Reformed Church; and the new departure is very disquieting.

Of the "Living Church" leaders, Tikhon said recently—"I do not regard them as heretics, but the germ of heresy is in them." These words were addressed to an American agent who saw Tikhon personally, though Tikhon had no idea that he was communicating with a foreign emissary. To this visitor the Patriarch admitted that he had signed the recantation, but, unfortunately, all of the other Christian bodies, save one, have also surrendered more or less to Bolshevism. The one exception is the body which has been accused of holding that "the end justifies the means" and of striking a diabolical bargain with the Bolsheviks though it will soon be the only church which has not struck a bargain with them, either through its head or through its local representatives. Cieplak's release and the summoning of the Anglo-Russian Conference gave rise to newspaper rumors that the Vatican was on the point of recognizing the Soviet de jure, but, with an emphasis worthy of Hildebrand himself, the Vatican declared that till the Reds cease their persecution of Christianity no such recognition is possible.

Despite what I say in my book, the Old Believers, who never yielded to the Czars, have crumpled up completely under the Bolsheviks. Pravda of July 29, 1923, publishes a manifesto addressed to the Old Believers by their two leading Archbishops—Meletius of Moscow and all Russia, and Gerontius of Petrograd and Tver. This manifesto approves wholeheartedly of the Bolshevik government and says—"Now, thank God, the Workman-Peasant Power has become strong in Russia." It continues as follows—

"We do not repent, as the ex-Patriarch does, because we have not been the enemies of the Soviet government and of the laboring masses: we only desire to manifest before the entire world our sincere and good attitude, and to offer our best wishes to the Soviet government in its labor struggle."

On December 9, 1923, the Izvestia published the following resolution, passed on December 8 by the "All-Federal Congress of Baptists"—

"This Congress reaffirms the unalterably loyal attitude of the Baptists to the Soviet government from the first moment of its existence, and, acknowledging its real and honest efforts to protect the interests of Labor, considers it as inadmissible for the Baptists to participate in unions and organizations aiming at the overthrow of the existing régime, or to take part in any kind of anti-governmental activity whatsoever, or of oral or written agitation or propaganda.

"This Congress declares that any Baptist whatsoever guilty of the fore-mentioned acts will be considered to have hereby excluded himself from the

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Baptist community and will be personally responsible before the law."

In order to please the Reds, the same Congress condemned Pastor Fetler for signing a loyal address to the Czar in the magazine Gost (Guest), November, 1914, and declared that "Fetler has discredited himself in the eyes of the world . . . He is no longer a member of the Baptist organization." It also expressed its gratitude to the Soviet government for its "proclamation of religious freedom," this expression of gratitude being signed by the Presidium of the Congress—P. V. Pavlov, B. G. Pavlov, and V. P. Stepanov.

Two months earlier than this, on September 2, the Bezbozhnik had rejected with contempt these groveling churches. It wrote as follows —

"The Workman-Peasant government being now established solidly and firmly in Russia, the Church bows down to it. But it is clear that it bows to force. The Church is repentant. It considers its former hostility to have been a mistake. It has accepted even the principle of the revolution. First came the Reformers, then came Tikhon. The Old Believers issued a proclamation signed by Meletius, Bishop of Moscow and of all Russia, and by Gerontius, Bishop of Petrograd and Tver—a proclamation which says: 'Thank God we have now in Russia a Workman-Peasant government.' . . . The Evangelical acknowledge their error in a new proclamation, which says—'We must . . . concentrate all our forces and all our knowledge in order to strengthen and support the Soviet government . . . We urge all our brethren to work honestly and in absolute submission and obedience to Soviet institutions, civil and military.' Even the Church of the Buryat-Mongols, which was recently founded in the Atsagat Datsan, formerly the Zabaikal territory, greets in the Soviet régime, 'a government giving real freedom of faith.' . . .

"It will be seen from this that nearly all the churches have made their submissions to the Soviet . . . This hailstorm of protestations and appeals and expressions of penitence constitutes a nasty blow in the face of those foreign calumniators who mumble about the alleged persecution of the Church in Russia."

It is difficult to keep track of the Reformed churches which are appearing almost every month in Russia, but the Free Labor Church is worth a few words to itself. Though its leader, Joanniky, was a bishop before the revolution, he now wears lay dress and does not believe either in ordination or in episcopal consecration. He accepts no financial support from his followers, but maintains himself on the exiguous salary he gets as a clerk in the grain department of the Commissariat of Agriculture; and his chief assistants are Smirnov (an ex-priest) Zhilkin (a laborer) and a group of other laymen of the extreme Left. The whole set is too radical even for the "Living Church," which refused to admit its delegates to the Red Congress of Moscow.

The American agent already referred to visited the Free Labor church of St. Nicholas on Barbara Street, and was rather shocked at the absence of certain articles usually considered essential in Christian worship. The altar, for example, was missing; and some vestments, with an old crozier lying on top of them, seemed waiting only for the dustman. Waving a contemptuous hand towards this bundle, Zhilkin said to the American visitor—

"This is all tinsel and brass, vanity of vanities. Christ walked about on the earth in a plain linen coat, and so did his disciples, but our priests put ten pounds' worth of gold and precious stones on their heads . . . I recognize the Third International as the Communist World-Religion. . . We shall not repeat a thousand times—'Lord have mercy on us!' . . . Our priests wrapped themselves in gold and silver, but the American Bishop Blake (a Methodist sympathizer with Bolshevism) when he came to Moscow, was quite plainly clad, though from his very looks one could at once see that he was a man of great brain-power."

The following is one of the many passages which are to be found in the second edition, but not in the first—

"Speaking of the changes which are continually taking place in Bolshevism, I have just compared that movement to a volcano in eruption, but in one respect Bolshevism never changes. As, though there are continual alterations in the cone of a volcano, the subterranean fires in the crater remain always constant, so, in like manner, amid changes in all else, the implacable hostility of the Reds to every form of Christianity remains always the same. So diabolical is this hostility, so sharp is the antithesis between Christ's Gospel of charity and Lenin's gospel of hate, between the noble individualism of the Christian (an individualism broadened and sanctified by love of his neighbor and love of God) and the degrading, materialistic, herd-like communism of the Marxist, that one is sometimes tempted to identify in Bolshevism the veritable anti-Christ of Revelation."

Finally, the anti-Christian mottoes taken from the Bolshevist press are more numerous and more violent than those quoted in the first edition, though one could have thought them unnecessary in view of the little pains the Red leaders take to disguise their hatred for Christianity—See Zinoviev's insane onslaught on God Himself as reported by the Associated Press on Christmas day, 1924, and published in all the American newspapers towards the end of last year.

The following are some of the anti-religious quotations from communistic sources in the new edition of the book—

"Religion and communism are incompatible. . .

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[The Church must be] swept out of our path [as] an obstacle to the progress of culture."—Pravda, Moscow (which describes itself, and quite rightly, as the official organ of the Bolshevik party, that is, of the political party which now rules Russia). The same newspaper also declared, during the Cieplak trial, that the fight against religion must be carried on as systematically as the political struggle, and "with even more determination." Women and young people, it said, must be trained for the "war on the denizens of Heaven," who must all be "ejected from the households of the workmen."

"The campaign has had a tremendous success, splitting the Church into numerous sects. We must devote even more serious attention to anti-religious propaganda. The peasantry has undergone a change. The power of the infantry of Jesus is gradually wavering."—Pravda, in an article on the anti-religious campaign in Russia quoted in the Times, May 21, 1923.

"We are witnessing today in Russia the greatest religious war in modern history. The Bolsheviks are deliberately, fanatically anti-Christian. They have not been content to expropriate the churches, to close monasteries and nunneries, to massacre the priests. The originality and the singularity of Bolshevism lie in this that it emphasizes the absolute incompatibility between Christianity and communism. A communist, as such, shall proclaim himself the enemy of Jesus Christ . . . [In this] kingdom of anti-Christ, collective murder has become a calculated business."—Professor Sarolea of Edinburgh University (Scotland) who in the spring of 1924 went to make an absolutely unprejudiced examination of the Russian question in Russia itself. He speaks Russian.

"We have finished with the earthly Czars; now we shall deal with the heavenly Czars."—Bezbozhnik, January, 1923. (The Bezbozhnik, or Atheist, a weekly newspaper of a violent anti-religious character, is published at Moscow by the Bolsheviks.)

"With all my heart I wish the Bezbozhnik new victories in the coming year—victories over the hideous spectre of God, who has in truth inflicted diabolical evil on mankind throughout the whole course of history."—A. V. Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, in the Bezbozhnik of December 25, 1923. (The initial letter of the word "God" is printed small in the original.)

A SOUTH AMERICAN LEPER COLONY

By EDWARD J. BRUEN

WERE the gentle-souled and kindly Dr. Samuel Johnson inhabiting the earth in this later day, and in search of a Happy Valley in which to place his Rasselas, he would find such a place hidden far away in the central llanos of Venezuela—known to the world as the Venezuelan Leper Colony.

Voices of protest rise immediately against the writer's suggestion that such a condition could exist where there must, necessarily, be so much suffering, but the facts are stubborn things—the greatest of them being that a recent unannounced visit to the colony disclosed that the hundreds of afflicted beings who live there are knit closely together by the common tie of seeking the happiness and welfare of each other rather than being concerned with their individual misfortunes.

The drive from Caracas to the colony was through a sparsely settled, undulating country whose roads were not the best but were easily negotiated in one of the small automobiles that has made Detroit famous. The distance was about 140 miles and, as we turned a sharp corner around from the obstructing foothills the valley of the colony spread out before us, the white buildings shining forth a welcome under the glare of the midday sun. It was, indeed, a valley that spoke contentment to the wearied travelers and seemed to be anything else except what it actually was. Great mountain peaks stood sentinel over it on every side while a gushing, living stream dashed its glittering radiances in sharp contrast to the dead green of the landscape.

Strangers did not often visit the colony and the new arrivals naturally were a source of interest to the men and women who sat or walked in the colony grounds. The first person to greet us was the doctor in charge, a tall, distinguished figure dressed in a semi-military suit of white and bearing on his smiling features the trade-mark of the United States of America. To say that he was glad to see us would be putting it mildly, and we found out in a very short time that he was a Philadelphian by birth, by education and by choice. One of our number was pretty well posted on the latest news in the Quaker City and the doctor and he warmed to each other to the exclusion of the rest, giving us time to get a better idea of the locality and of the people who are destined to live out their remaining days in the environment.

It was only natural for the visitors to expect to look into faces whose only message would be that of despair because of their affliction, but it wasn't such a message they gave forth—rather the faces smiled bravely and such arms as were still useful waved a cheerful welcome. It was noticed that the women clung to each other, arms of the strong enfolding the waists of some of their neighbors whose bodies were becoming wasted, and sometimes hideous

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from the dread disease. Sisters of Charity moved among the groups and attended to the needs of the stricken ones who were seated in rolling chairs propelled by their fellow-sufferers. Of course there were evidences of the ravages of the disease in the faces and hands of the sufferers but none of them seemed to complain, the doctor explaining, in answer to a question, that the disease is insidious, does not give great pain, in fact no pain at all in certain cases.

The genesis of the Venezuelan Leper Colony is lost in the centuries, but tradition gives the credit for the foundation to the Franciscans, and places the time at about two centuries ago. It is now and has been for nearly a half a century under government control. The doctor in charge is a Protestant and a Philadelphian, the chaplain is a Catholic priest and the nurses are Catholic Sisters of Charity.

The story of the colony gives the information that every doctor, chaplain and nurse who has served there has eventually been inoculated with the Disease of the Living Death and has remained until the time came to be laid away with his or her charges in the little cemetery that is hidden away from the eyes of the colonists by a friendly hillock.

The reference to the kindly philosopher, Dr. Johnson, and his story of Rasselas in the opening paragraph of this sketch was not made at random, but chosen because the little story of the discontented prince who went on a search for happiness is one of the most popular and helpful books in the library of the colony, where several copies of the Spanish translation are in constant use. Those who remember the text are familiar with the doctrine preached to Rasselas by the Sage who convinced him that the greatest and only lasting happiness comes from the service of others—in forwarding their welfare, contentment and happiness. The colony has accepted this philosophy, and its practical working out is very apparent to the observer.

To write about the people, whose lives are so sadly placed, without reference to their religion would be a futile effort to give the facts, because these colonists are deeply religious and the ministrations of the good priest to their souls are as generally self-denying as are the Protestant doctor's efforts to heal their bodies. Night and day these two soldiers for humanity work side by side, always facing the inevitable for themselves but having neither time nor inclination to worry about it. Their only rule of life is Service.

Asphalt wrote a passing page in the story of the colony during the days of 1901 when Cipriano Castro was president and practical dictator of Venezuela. And with the desire of the Asphalt Trust to control the vast territory that gave this valuable product, came to Venezuela a large group of religious evangelists from the United States and England who announced their intention as well as their Heaven-sent authority to make the country Protestant. One of the first stories sent to the United States by these gentlemen in their ardor for religion was to blacken the Leper Colony and everyone connected with its administration, especially the chaplain and the Sisters.

As a consequence, several magazines sent correspondents to get at the facts and each individual story showed the bigotry behind the charges and proved their falsehood. The single exception was Collier's Weekly whose correspondent dealt in many half-truths. He was Guy H. Scull, who afterwards became Deputy Commissioner of Police for New York City, and whom Collier's chose for the assignment after Richard Harding Davis had refused it a few days before the day set for sailing. Those who were in the colony at the time as patients said that Mr. Scull's reports were entirely biased by the astounding tragedy of leprosy, and that his sensibility to the tragedy overwhelmed his sense of balance in his reports. The doctor who has charge of the colony now was not there at that time, but he showed me the copy of a letter written by the doctor then in charge (whose body now lies in the little cemetery) to Mr. Scull, after he had seen one of the latter's stories in which he was designated as smoking cigarettes incessantly. The doctor protested that he had never smoked a cigarette in his life and was opposed to smoking. Mr. Scull came back with a very nice letter to the doctor in which he explained his reason for the misstatement by explaining that he made it deliberately so that if there were any trouble about the source of the information he published the doctor could use the smoking statement as an alibi!

But the Asphalt Trust and the clerical gentlemen who to the minds of many Venezuelan people were in league with them, found the turbulent little Castro more than a match for them; the Trust maintaining its war on the government until Castro was deposed; but the clerics, finding the field not as fertile as they expected, sought other Heaven-given pastures. Meanwhile the government of Venezuela paid its respects to the muck-rakers by enlarging the buildings and increasing the usefulness of the colony.

The colony proper consists of a main building and about sixty cottages, set out to form in the centre a sort of garden which is used as a recreation place by all the patients who are able to get outdoors. The writer did not enter the buildings in which those in the last stages of the disease were waiting for the last call. All he knows about them is that they were surrounded by love and the abiding care of men and women who had long since forgotten the loathesomeness of the disease in their efforts to aid their charges.

The men and women who were seen in the recreation centre had not, by any means, lost their interest in life, for many of them were keen of eye and of ear and still possessed the sense of smell. There were flowers of gorgeous coloring everywhere while birds of brilliant plumage dipped their heads in the cooling

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fountain. While the birds seemed domesticated none of the patients attempted to place their hands upon them but watched their frolicking and laughed at their family jars. Neither were any flowers plucked, the doctor explaining that by common consent they were left for the general enjoyment. Everywhere this idea of selflessness came to the inquirer's attention until he reached the conclusion that heart-felt religion and the philosophy of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson worked very satisfactorily there—the last place in the world where one would expect to find such a condition.

Modern invention has done much to make the days of these people more pleasant and happy, for the moving picture machine is worked every evening by the good priest in the projection room. The colonists know Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and all the gods and goddesses of the screen almost as well as an East Side New York youngster does. They have their day-time arguments as to the comparative merits of their favorites. The films shown are always of a cheerful nature. There is no place for melancholy within those white-washed walls.

One of the hardest jobs the doctor has, is to handle the radio question satisfactorily, a large receiving station having been installed and loud speakers having been provided through the generosity of the wealthy father of a beautiful young woman who is a patient at the colony. This young woman was pointed out to me in the recreation area. She was beautiful in a rich Spanish way, evidently vibrant with life, but the doctor explained that the disease has its hold on her and she is resigned to her fate, finding her pleasure in helping those around her. At the time she was pointed out, her arms were encircling a faded worn little woman who clung to her. There was no attempt on the part of the younger woman to patronize the elder one—she was strengthening her—while the elder no doubt gave to the younger lessons in courage and hope, learned through years of sickness.

I have been asked a thousand times if I saw any of the patients who were "almost eaten away," as one materialistic fellow put his inquiry. Every phase of the disease that has come under the observation of the Philadelphia doctor who presides at the colony, I saw—but only in photographs taken by him for the purpose of communicating with medical men in other colonies with the hope of eventually conquering the dread horror.

This doctor, whom I hope I have led you to love, is making experiments with a view to finding a cure for leprosy, and the good priest confided the information that he has reached a place in his research work where he has been able to check the progress of the disease in certain cases very materially—but the doctor is modest and refused to confirm or deny the statement, satisfying himself with a modest—

"I'm doing my best for them."

The self-sacrifice of the priest and the Sisters is the carrying on of their heritage throughout the ages. Neither doctor nor priest would give their names for this little story of heroic souls. The writer sees them now as they waved adieu just as our automobile turned the sharp corner that cut them off from our sight forever—the black-robed, tonsured Spanish priest and the Philadelphia doctor, and behind them about two hundred bodies and souls whom they are serving unto death.

FATHER HULL'S RETIREMENT

By HENRY JONES FORD

THE retirement of Father Ernest R. Hull from the editorship of the Examiner of Bombay, India, draws attention to a brilliant career, of a kind which appears to be peculiar to the Catholic Church. Nowhere else can be found brilliancy of that order—a brilliancy without personal display or worldly distinction. Hence it is that I have no biographical matter to present. I know of him only through his writings and can speak of him only from the standpoint of my own experience of his influence, which is of course more interesting to me than it can be to others, but there is no other way in which I can express my appreciation of Father Hull's labors. I hope that a competent biographer will eventually appear to give us a full account of a man who acquired world-wide influence while working under circumstances that ordinarily would have been stifling.

Since what I have to say must necessarily have the character of individual testimony, I may remark that I first came into contact with Father Hull's writings while browsing about to gather information about the Catholic Church as a working institution. As a life-long student of political institutions I had been deeply impressed by the fact that it was impossible to understand their nature without taking into account the influence of ecclesiastical institutions. I found that in investigating the origins of constitutional government I could not dig below the surface anywhere without finding evidences of the formative influence of the Catholic Church, but I found great difficulty in getting an intelligible account of it. As an university professor I had the run of big libraries but the matter on their shelves reeked with the personal antipathies of the Reformation period, which did not interest me. It was as if one had to gather information about the governmental system of England from

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what historians had to say about Richard III or Henry VIII. In pursuing my researches I would occasionally root among the shelves of Catholic book stores, where occasionally—but not often—I did find matter of the kind I wanted. One of these expeditions I came upon a rather roughly printed booklet, entitled Why Should I Be Moral? by E. R. Hull, S.J. On dipping into it I saw at once that the author knew his subject and was fair and square in his treatment of it. That little book started me on Father Hull's writings and I have kept in touch with them ever since.

I gather from some allusions in his writings that he is of English birth, was a convert to Catholicism, and eventually became a Jesuit. In 1902 he became the editor of the Examiner, a little weekly paper published in Bombay, probably at that time a diocesan publication of purely local circulation and influence. It has never quite lost its original character, and the great extension of its influence that has taken place is certainly not due to any pushing of its circulation. At the time I first heard of it its terms were stated only in the local currency and I could not get a postal order for the exact amount, but I got over the difficulty by sending a draft on London sufficient to cover it. I visited Bombay during the past year, and called at the office. But Father Hull was out of town and so I missed what would have been a great satisfaction to me—the opportunity of meeting such a great man. I looked over the plant, which is of small and modest equipment, situated in a loft in a populous native quarter, making so little show that I had some trouble in finding it, although I had been given the correct address. The course which events have followed have been, I think, just this: Father Hull plugged away in his humble quarters, publishing the results of his studies and researches in weekly installments in the Examiner, in addition to its budget of diocesan news. As a treatise was brought to completion the matter was collected in pamphlet form and printed by the Examiner press. Copies were sent to Catholic book stores in various countries and in this way knowledge of the character of the work Father Hull was doing leaked out, and people desirous of keeping in touch with it kept sending in subscriptions to the Examiner. I have been a subscriber now for several years and when a number reaches me I always seize it with avidity.

Of the treatises which Father Hull has issued in this way, that which will most strongly impress the general reader is the one which first attracted my attention to his writings, his Why Should I be Moral? It is in the form of a symposium, representatives of different schools of thought giving their answers to that question in response to the queries of the Rising Generation. The first impression one gets is that it is an extremely witty and amusing treatment of the subject. Then one notes that in each instance the case is put as strongly as possible in favor of the views presented. There is absolutely nothing in the nature of travesty or misrepresentation. And if then one goes on to subject the matter to critical examination it becomes evident that the great and varied literature of ethics as a science has been digested in the preparation of that little work.

Another work by Father Hull which goes deeply into a difficult subject, is his Archaic Religions. Some idea of the mass of erudition on which this treatise rests may be had from this statement which it makes of its subject—

> The whole range of archaic religions can be divided into three classes—1, Those of which we find record in ancient history and archeology, but which have long been practically obsolete—such as the earlier religions of China, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, as well as those of the Hittites, Syrians, Scandinavians, Celts, Mexicans, Peruvians, etc. 2, Those which find record in history, but which still survive, at least in some modified form, and can be studied first-hand today—e. g. Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, etc. 3, Those which we find among savage or uncivilized races today, without any trace of their past history, but which from their appearance may be as old or older than the religions included under headings 1, and 2, e. g.—among the wild tribes of Australia, Polynesia, Africa, America, etc.

Under Father Hull's masterly analysis this heterogeneous mass is reduced to order and its essential elements are clearly stated and candidly examined. A work which may be regarded as a pendant to Archaic Religions is a detailed examination of Hinduism, entitled The Great Antithesis. This work, which embodies first-hand study of the subject for over twenty years, is by far the frankest and most penetrating discussion of the subject to be found in all its vast literature.

Another work of large importance is what he calls his History of England Series. It is essentially an examination of the ecclesiastical situation in England at various periods. Three good-sized volumes have appeared in this series—The British and Anglo-Saxon Period, The Norman and Early Mediaeval Period, and The Later Mediaeval Period. They are all fine examples of scientific history, which seeks first of all to ascertain the actual facts and put them in their natural order.

These are but a few of Father Hull's treatises, the list of which now in stock as Examiner reprints is fifteen in number. Other matter has been in course of serial publication which will supply material for more reprints. They are all written in a style that is such a perfect medium for the transmission of thought that it takes an adept in literary technique to appreciate its merits. It is so perfectly clear that one does not notice its transparency in attending to the matter which it reveals. But no one can fail to observe that the most striking characteristic of Father Hull's

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treatment of a subject is his entire candor. He never dodges or hedges but squarely faces every difficulty and states the case before him with the utmost power and in its fullest effect. What for instance could be franker than this reference in his Archaic Religions, to the present attitude of what is called "the higher criticism"—

> To accuse these learned men of Europe today of one organized conspiracy against the truth, one deliberate rebellion against the light, would be absurd. This being so, how can you account for the results of independent modern scholarship, which tend so widely to discredit the claim of the Church to be divine, and even to reject as spurious the credentials on which the truth of her claim depends?

Could any issue be more fully and fairly stated? And that is Father Hull's constant practice in all his writings. Whatever case he has to examine he presents in its best and strongest form, and hence his conclusions always compel respect. Since unfortunately Father Hull's works are not widely known except among specialists, a sample of his style of argument may be here in place. Referring to the rationalistic explanation of archaic man's credulity as being due to his instinctive tendency towards superstition, he points out that this is reasoning in a circle.

> The vital question is *why* should mankind be so prone to superstition? Superstition is merely a disposition to believe more about the world of spirit than is justified by evidence. But why should man possess any tendency to believe in the spirit-world at all? . . . The animal mind is essentially materialistic, limited to the reality of what it sees and feels, without the least tendency to imagine any totally different world behind it. If, as evolutionists hold, man is merely an advance on animals in point of intelligence, his conceptions of reality ought to be if anything more true, because more penetrating and more discriminating. Why then this sudden development of belief in the spirit-world, of which "superstition" is merely too facile an application? So deep and acute an instinct is only accountable for by the supposition that it represents fundamental truth—or in other words, because the spirit-world is a reality, first within man himself and then around and above him; and that one of the prerogatives which distinguishes man's mind from the animals lies in this, that he can perceive its truth while they can not.

In retiring from the editorship of the Examiner, Father Hull remains in Bombay, having been appointed Archivist of the Diocese and Secretary for Records and Property. It is also announced that he will continue to contribute to the Examiner. It therefore appears that the practical effect of the new arrangement is to relieve him from editorial drudgery and this should be an advantage to his literary activity. In the issue of the Examiner for December 6 the Archbishop of Bombay speaks in the most cordial terms of Father Hull's labors, and incidentally remarks—"The long list of books, which the author has called by the modest name of reprints, testifies to the breadth of his vision and the depth of his insight and the accuracy of his criticism—reprints which curiously enough, are read more widely in England and America and Australia than they are in India."

This brings up a matter that has puzzled me. While works of much less importance in their fields are continually appearing in the western world in becoming form, Father Hull's able treatises have been accessible only in paper-covered reprints of a provincial character. On visiting the publication office I found that the chief interest there was the manufacture of commercial stationery and Father Hull's publications were viewed as rather a personal hobby. They have become known abroad through sheer force of their merits without advertisement or commercial urge of any kind, and knowledge of them is practically confined to inquisitive students. This is a situation that ought to be corrected. A fitting edition of Father Hull's writings is a real literary need. Put before the reading public in appropriate form they would promptly establish themselves as recognized classics in their fields.

ECHOES

By CYRIL B. EGAN

A perfervid atheist of the village grocery-store type, wishing to perpetuate his philosophy, went up into the Mountains of Eternal Echo, and taking his stand upon a high precipice, shouted fiercely to the four winds—

"There ain't no God, and I can prove it!"

Then he waited for the response, which was not long in coming—

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it!"

Like the great deliberate voice of some granite giant it thundered. Then another of the granite giants took up the refrain, and another, and still another, till the mountains rang with the awful chant, reverberated with the tremendous blasphemy—

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it!"

"This is beautiful," thought the Atheist. "Never before have I had so many people agree with me. Now to add a corollary to the proposition"—these were his thoughts, not his words, for he was a man of simple expression—"and posterity shall be my everlasting debtor." Then, while there was a lull in the echoing voices, he made his hands into a megaphone, and again shouted to the four winds—

"When you're dead, you're dead all over!"

And again the granite giants took up and magni-

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fied the refrain only to chant it this time as a response to the versical of woe—

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! . . . When—you're—dead—you're—dead—all—over! . . . There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! . . . When—you're—dead—you're—dead—all—over! . . . There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! . . . When—you're—dead—you're—dead—all—over!"

"This is heavenly," thought the Atheist, and with feet dangling over the edge of the precipice, he sat himself down on a moss-grown ledge to wallow awhile in the sound of his own voice.

Now, he had not sat for more than an hour when the novelty of the business began to wear off. Though sounding far fainter and at greater intervals, the voices of the granite giants had in no wise been stilled. They never would be stilled. Listen!

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it! . . . When—you're—dead—you're—dead—all—over!" . . . Was that a note of mockery in the echo's voice? It was hard to tell.

"This is getting very tiresome," thought the Atheist. "Besides, it is getting late. I think I shall go home."

The moon was up. He drew in his legs from the side of the precipice, cautiously raised himself on his hands, brushed the mud from his garments, and started on his journey downward.

The Mountains of the Eternal Echo are a terrible place in which to be lost. You might shout and shout and shout, for hours and days and months, and never a soul would come to answer your appeal. Natives of the villages roundabout are superstitious about these mountains. Only the foolhardy ever venture far into them. The Atheist knew this, and cursed his fate when a stone gave way beneath his feet and sent him tumbling into the bottom of a gully below. It would have been serious enough if it had happened at home—a broken leg, a bloody head, under no circumstances, are trivial matters—but back in the village these things would have been attended and quickly mended—whereas here, without friends, without shelter, without food—"O, God!" he groaned.

But the echoes answered in silly sing-song fashion—

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it!"

Useless to cry for help. The futility of such an appeal he realized only too well. Yes, this was the last of him. If he did not bleed to death, starvation would get him. . . . If only there was something to look forward to beyond the veil—that would be a consolation. . . . Sang the echoes—

"When — you're — dead — you're — dead — all — over!"

Even greater than his physical agony was his mental anguish. Would the voices of the granite giants drive him to madness before death reached him? . . . The hours passed. He thought he might pray. But prayer was so ridiculous. What a craven it made of a man! He dimly remembered the prayer of the famous apostate . . . Perhaps he might say that—that at least required no groveling in the dust—was a prayer a rebel might say without sacrifice of self-respect. He tossed from side to side on his rocky bed, and moaned—

"O, my God, if there is a God—

Sang the echoes merrily—

"There—ain't—no—God—and—I—can—prove—it!"

"Save my soul, if I have a soul!"

Sang the echoes mockingly—

"When — you're — dead — you're — dead — all — over!"

And it was not very long till he was dead all over, dead as madness and pain and starvation can make a man, dead all but the echoes of the voice of him, which still go keening in silly sing-song fashion over the gully where his bones lie rotting—

"There ain't no God, and I can prove it. When you're dead you're dead all over."

A PHILOLOGIST PASSES

By J. G. C. LE CLERCQ

THE recent death of the Abbé Rousselot passed virtually unnoticed in France and actually unnoticed in America, except in the Catholic press. Certain somewhat technical journals in his native land recorded it with appropriate mention; here the silence was profound. Yet one might have supposed that the rise of a peasant, born of an illiterate mother, to a Chair at the Collège de France and to an unique position in the world of science would deserve some mention in a country where entire periodicals are consecrated to accounts of office-boys who attain the presidency of corporations.

For, great philologist as he was, his claims upon our respectful gratitude range far beyond whatever repute attaches to mere scholarship. That a man of high lexical achievement lives and dies is of little moment in our country because such a science is non-materially productive and because, with a certain degree of justice, there exists a mistrust of a subject whose essence would necessarily appeal to the laborious and colorless pedant. We have many of these among us, to be sure. Yet while the Abbé Rousselot's principal concern was with the study of language, his pursuit of this study brought about several important benefits to

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science in general. Medicine and art have cause to congratulate themselves upon the assistance they received from this scholar's inventions, devices and perfections. At least three of the instruments he manufactured are as useful to the throat specialist as the laryngoscope of Manuel Garcia, another layman whose interests proved valuable to pathology. And insofar as art is concerned, any field dependent upon the spoken word or the use of voice has been signally aided by this scholar's creation of delicate tools to measure sound-waves. These tools, indeed, were found to be extremely helpful in the experiments conducted by the French government during the war on the repercussion of artillery. Researches in the physical province of poetics, in the mensuration of rhythm, such as conducted by Professor Patterson, have followed much the same course as the Abbé Rousselot's work. If ever the study of forensics and acting is approached from a technical and scientific standpoint, his influence will be considerable. In America particularly, where diction on the stage is deplorable, an improvement might well be made along these lines and by such means. More than one of our leading artists of the theatre could discover in the famous scene of Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme something beyond a lively satire upon ignorant pedantry.

In his own subject, in philology, the same pellucid intelligence, the same simplicity and common sense governed his ideas. Out of a dead science he insisted on making a live one. As M. Sabord says—"Language evolved both in time and space; phonetics must be at once genealogical and geographical." The Abbé Rousselot insisted that phonetics must be studied not so much from dead texts as from the living word. Born of peasants in a village, speaking a patois, he realized that the evolution of vulgar Latin into French would be best marked by registering the speech of the inhabitants of the remotest provincial French villages, by undertaking a comparative and graduated study of dialectics. He was born in the Limousin, the country about Limoges; the patois spoken there is peculiar, being intermediary between the langue d'oc and the langue d'oïl. It was the ideal land for the youth of a phonetician. For a while he taught in a village school in the Charente, a department formed by the Angoumois, the Saintonge, the Poitou and the Marche—in other words, connected in a way with Angoulême, Saintes and Poitiers. While there he compared the dialect of certain villages with that of his native and near by Saint Claud. He ascertained by comparison that his own patois was further removed from the original Latin. He established a succession of grades intervening, to each of which a certain local dialect corresponded. He traveled about France, taking stock of differences of speech: he listened with attention and patience, noting the variations of language according to each successive generation and according to each locality. Then he proceeded to Paris where at various schools he met students occupied with the same study. Gaston Paris and d'Arsonval welcomed him and admitted him to the favor of their friendship. Marey laid his laboratory at his disposal. The crude, individual signs he had invented to record differences of pronunciation, stress or intonation, his phonetic script, would vary, he thought, just as much as the language it illustrated: would not each person read it with a degree of dissimilarity? Through the work of Marey and the Abbé Rousselot, the instruments cited before were invented, perfected, evolved. In 1908, the Abbé Rousselot published his Principes de la Phonétique Experimentale. It is a highly technical book, yet the layman would find much profit in its perusal. It marks the general view, the summary of a scholar of infinite patience, a man who was willing to spend his entire life as the chronicler of an evanescent thing. His thesis at the Sorbonne dealt with "Les modifications phonétiques du langage étudiées dans le patois d'une famille de Charente"—an impressively minute and detailed investigation. It was by just such energy and labor that he was able to establish without question the theories he puts forth in his later and authoritative book.

He was, in spite of his high position, practically unknown. He was a poor man. He lived modestly and obscurely. It is extremely doubtful that even his remote patrie of Saint Claud will ever raise a monument to the father of experimental phonetics and her most famous son. But it will not matter. He himself spent a long and ardent life in raising a monument—his book.

Things That Followed You

Things that followed you—
Things from me—
Things you never knew!

And people came to pass
Between you and me,
And they dropped burden and gift
To gather instead—
Things that followed you—
Things from me.

Between you and me
Only Time, gathering—
Things that followed you—
Things from me.

Do you remember when
You took yourself for the wind
And things that followed you—
Things from me—for dust?

LEON SERABIAN.

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A COMMUNICATION

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—One of the best biographical sketches turned out in America in years is the collection of war letters of Walter Hines Page, a lasting monument to a great ambassador.

With Mr. Page and with his editors I disagree on one point only—a tragedy too late to remedy, since the victim died of it. My disagreement is with the Ambassador less than with his editors, for they had time to seek the facts. It may still be possible however, to contribute something to the rehabilitation of that victim's memory. Sir Lionel Carden, British Minister to Mexico, so curtly dismissed in the Page letters as "an old-fashioned diplomat," an obstructionist, had the misfortune to run counter to our President's theories concerning Mexico.

Many tens of years ago, there came to London a plausible gentleman from the Argentine, possessor, so he said, of vast tracts of land awaiting development. He came to seek capital, accompanied by a clergyman and a physician. He sought younger sons of British families, youths under twenty, each dowered with at least one thousand pounds, who would become his associates, who would learn agriculture upon his lands developed with their capital, and among whom, when it had become productive, the land would be divided. He obtained a sufficient number of young adventurers, among them Carden. Returning with them to Buenos Aires, he dropped the clergyman and physician, dropped the boys and vanished with their money. The then British Minister repatriated the youngsters—all except Carden, who had no intention of allowing the swindler to escape with money his family could ill afford to lose. Alone he followed him to the interior, found him, found also that he had land, and compelled him to turn over part of the land to the value of his investment. In the years that followed, Carden prospered. Gay, spirited, unusually good-looking, of indomitable will, he became a general favorite. There came a revolution. Carden raised a Gaucho band of cavalry and took part. The Argentine President issued a proclamation condemning to death out of hand all foreigners captured in arms against the government.

In battle Carden's gauchos deserted him and he was captured, fighting single handed. His captors, among whom he had many friends, told him that the judges would arrive within twenty-four hours to superintend his execution, and proposed to him that though he was not a Catholic he should consent to receive a priest and follow "any advice the priest would give him." As the judges entered the camp, the priest conducted the prisoner, in disguise, to the lair of a band of smugglers who spirited him across the continent and over the Andes to Chile. Thence he made his way up the coast to Mexico. It was not long before this picturesque and likeable young Irishman became once more thoroughly popular, not only with the masses, but also with the ultra-conservative Mexican aristocracy of Spanish descent, whose doors are rarely open to foreigners. Upon the renewal of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Mexico, interrupted since the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, the first British Minister took full advantage of Carden's exceptional position, and as a reward for his services, offered him a post in the consular service. Eventually, he rose to Consul-General, and then—a rare occurrence in the British public service—was promoted to Minister Plenipotentiary to Guatemala, and Knighted. At the outbreak of the world war he was sent to head the British legation in Mexico.

Sir Lionel's general theory as to Latin-America was, that several of those countries are not fit for civilized habitation: that in the general interest, they should be made possible to live in and do business with; that since the United States claims certain rather intangible priorities under the Monroe Doctrine, it would seem to be our particular task to see to this; if we are unwilling, we should permit Great Britain to exact from them such observance of their own laws as to permit foreigners to live there without jeopardy to life and property. His particular theory about Mexico (and he knew Mexico rather better and more intimately than anyone in our government at that time) was that while assassination is by no means excluded from Mexican political life, he positively did not believe that Huerta had assassinated Madero or caused him to be murdered—though he profited greatly by his death; and that among equal candidates for the Presidency of Mexico, that one was to be preferred (if England and America were to interfere at all) whose preferences among foreigners lay towards Americans and Englishmen. This was notoriously the case with Huerta, consequently he advocated strongly the recognition of Huerta even if Mr. Wilson could not see it.

Instructions were sent to Mr. Page in London to press for Sir Lionel's transfer. In turn, Carden was instructed to go up to Washington and explain his view of the situation to Mr. Woodrow Wilson. The result was inevitable. Carden was very like Walter Hines Page in his dogged tenacity to conviction. Mr. Wilson never tolerated disagreement. Carden was retired, and was unable to obtain a review of his case by the Foreign Office; his government, quite probably against its inclination and judgment, had sacrificed him.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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POEMS OF MEXICO

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

The Song of Nightingale

The nightingale was singing across the night divine,
The night of snowy vapors, the night of crystal blue;
And down the silver garden there shone a lonely pine
With glowing cones arising the sombre shadows through.

The nightingale was singing, and out beyond there lay
The meadows sleeping calmly the while he poured his song;
What time the wind all gently upon its perfumed way
From flower to flower whispered the lovely chant along.

Then suddenly the dawning, with yellow brows on high
Lit up the peaks and wakened the lark's ascending call;
Day bared its mighty bosom, the nightingale made cry
Across the early twilight and dream-mystery of all.

Then warm siesta hours, and then the pensive eve
Came by, and lamps of midnight grew faint and cold and dark;
Still, still the nightingale upon his loss was fain to grieve
Beneath the votive funeral urn the moon held veiled and stark.

By summer and by autumn, by winter, springtime, still
Arose that song of nightingale amid the garden's mesh;
In joy or melancholy, with voice of laughter shrill
Or lamentation unappeased and yet forever fresh.

The nightingale in madness amid the whirl of dreams,
Inebriate of moonlight, of life and passion, sang
And sang—(become the very self of poetry, he seems
The dusky garden of the breast from which he sprang).

LUIS G. URBINA.

Hai-Kai

The Peacock

Through the crowded barnyard
You pass like a solemn procession,—
Royal fowl, tremendous blaze!

The Heron

Pointed like an arrow
From beak to claws,
Yon heron sweeps.

The Moon

Like a sea is the dark night;
The cloud is a white shell;
The moon is a pearl.

The Blue Stocking

The feather flaunting in her hat,
So like the quill stuck in an inkbottle.

Kindergarten

From its cage the bird was singing—
"Why are the little children free
And we left here?"

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA.

Mystical Poets

Bards of brow funereal,
With your profiles angular
As in medals old and grand,

Ye with air seignorial,
Ye whose glances lie afar,
Ye with voices of command,

Theologians grave and fine,
Vessels of love's holy grace,
Vessels filled with griefs profound,

Ye whose vision is divine,
Ye whose Christ is in your face,
Ye in tangled locks enwound,

My Muse—in mood marmoreal
That seeks oblivion as a star,
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,
Amid your glance that lies afar,
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that would your spirits trace
Behind the incense rising tide
Within the nave's calm shadow ground,

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,
Hath loved your tangled locks enwound!

AMADO NERVE.

Trees

Pine tree, ruddy-limbed, entwined
With green eternal branches wide,
What whisper stirs you on the wind?
"I was the Cross on which your Savior died."

Laurel of the verdant sprays
Where Minerva's glances fall,
What secret through your shadow plays?
"A withered garland and a cup of gall."

Willow tree that bends and weeps,
With drooping silver boughs apart,
Your breast some secret sorrow keeps—
"Yea, I would weep upon your grieving heart."

JAIME TORRES BODET.

Chanson Triste

What a squalid alleyway
It is, that old Santero Street!
There you hear but one bird's lay—
The grizzly owl's ill-omened bleat.
The cobbles where its low eaves meet—
Its little huts—all, all, they beat
My heart into the clay!
O stranger, go not, I entreat,
Go not through old Santero Street;
It is the squalid alleyway
Where, in the carpenter's retreat,
They made my darling's coffin dray.

MARIA ENRIQUETA.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Old English

THIS play by John Galsworthy, with George Arliss interpreting the title rôle, offers three distinct subjects for appraisal. There is the play itself—the portrait of the aged financier whose nickname is "Old English"—and there is George Arliss's acting. Unfortunately, they cannot all be lumped together because of their radically different values.

The play itself is one of those sad efforts to over-sentimentalize a perverse character. Old Sylvanus Heythorp has been something of a rascal all his life. In the play someone refers to him as "pagan," but I always revolt interiorly at the misuse of a word which stands for so many noble traditions of human reason—from Homer to Virgil. Why not say "immoral" and be done with it? Old Heythorp has been distinctly immoral and takes a sneaking pride in the fact. He closes his business career by a dishonorable act performed in the interest of his illegitimate grandchildren. Galsworthy's objective is apparently to show that in spite of his faults, the old man has a lot of good in him—a soft spot for his granddaughter, for example. This, to my mind, is one of the most discouraging forms of sentimentalism. When you have thought so little of your dependents during your life that you have curbed none of your impulses in order to provide for them, why is it particularly good-hearted to steal for them when the shadow of death begins to hover about? You are really being kinder to yourself than to them—greasing your own way into eternity with the thought that you have eaten your entire cake and still left a big slice for someone else. No. As a play, in which the shaping hand of the author is always visible, Old English walks on the left foot. Its purpose is tainted. Its entire effect is to condone those very actions and motives which underlie most of the moral tragedies of life. Even the seventeen-year-old granddaughter is commandeered for this purpose—quite delighted in the discovery that her old "guardian" is really her grandfather. The moral of the play is perverted.

As a portrait, it is much better. If Mr. Galsworthy did not try so hard to make you sympathize with the old reprobate, you would say that he had done a masterpiece—the summing up in a few revealing incidents of all the ugliness of a completely self-indulgent life—a life whose moments of kindliness, even, spring from a weak desire to be loved by a limited few about him, from the inflation of having others depend on him.

It is in bringing this portrait to reality that Mr. Arliss has done a remarkable bit of acting—remarkable, not so much for its broader strokes which are fairly obvious, as for the finer shades of pantomime. It's a pity to see so much fine writing and finer acting used to an unhealthy purpose.

Two Married Men

VINCENT LAWRENCE, writing in this age of strident feminism, has pounced on a decidedly interesting theme for his play about two married couples in a New York suburb. I doubt very much if Two Married Men will have a long run unless several structural changes are promptly made to lend plausibility to certain situations and to remove the too literal contrast between the actions of the respective husbands. But there are scenes and moments when the play exhibits a refreshing insight into the apparent complexities of modern life—a power to discern the real difference between love and passion, for example. One feels that either in this play revised, or in future works, Mr. Lawrence is going to give us material worth thinking about and encouraging.

Briefly, two men are brought face to face with the threatened infidelity of their wives. One of them, John Devant, believes in strong-arm methods for putting down domestic revolts. The other, Frank Stearns, would like to believe in them, but is afraid to try them. His wife has only to fly into a tantrum to bring him to his knees begging for her forgiveness and love. At last, prompted by Devant, he knocks his wife unconscious when she defies him. Devant warns him that his whole future happiness depends on his standing firm. Instead, the moment his wife recovers consciousness, he begs her forgiveness. From that moment she knows she is the unquestioned master.

By a twist of the wheel, Devant discovers that same evening that his own wife is planning to elope. She tells him so frankly, repeating that her "love" is dead. To her surprise, Devant takes the news calmly. The expected or hoped-for pleading does not materialize. He simply makes it clear that she is not going to leave. She tries loud defiance—and meets an authoritative, even-tempered blow that sends her into dreamland. When she recovers, she finds her husband smiling at her gently and telling her a little secret she had not suspected—that he is much more interested in his own love for her than in whether she cares to return it, that love is vastly more a matter of giving than receiving. It is a new argument to which Mrs. Devant can find only one answer—surrender.

Let me make plain that what I admire in this play is not its crude handling. To see two wives struck down in one evening surpasses all bounds of credibility, not to mention good taste. There is such a thing (today one almost hunts for it in museums) as a masculine firmness and unselfish love which finds other and better expressions than primitive blows. But Mr. Lawrence has discovered one of the roots of the moral revolt of today—the gradual effeminizing of men to a point where they beg for the things which every woman instinctively wants them to conquer. If he can also discover that true gentleness and courtesy may have in them just as much of masculine force as neolithic body blows, then he will present us with some plays of real importance. Two Married Men, as it stands, is more likely to start an epidemic of idiotic wife-beating than to get across the truer idea which Mr. Lawrence is groping to express.

Patience

GILBERT and SULLIVAN lovers who may have seen the Provincetown revival of Fashion last year certainly had no misgivings about the present resurrection of Patience. They knew enough of the capabilities of that versatile group of actors in lower New York to calm their fears and whet their appetites. And, of course, they have not been disappointed. I did not have a chance to see Patience until it had moved to the more spacious quarters of the Greenwich Village Theatre, but the physical surroundings cannot matter much where there is so much joyous zest in the doing.

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By all means see this new edition of Bunthorne's Bride. It matters not at all whether you have recently been immersed in reading about that delicate period of aesthetic doldrums which Patience satirizes. With only a few changes, it would serve quite as well for our own delectable foibles of today. You can supply those changes in your own mind and settle down to an evening of bliss, one ear suffused with piquant melodies, the other cocked to trap some of the most rapid and subtle satire ever written. Above all, you can use your eyes to watch some exceptional acting.

Some time ago, when reviewing The Farmer's Wife, I said that Rosalind Fuller had found her niche at last. Now, I must admit, that she has two niches, and Patience is one of them. Whatever you may have thought of her Ophelia, you will certainly admit that in her vivacity, in her chirping and tuneful voice, and in her resolution always to have a manner of her own, she is one of the real, if more fragile assets, of our stage today.

Edgar Stehli's Bunthorne is a gem of smooth and unerring buncombe. This "fleshly poet" is a man of any day or generation. Today he might be a matinée idol of psychoanalysis—the inevitable cheap popularizer for whom twenty love-sick maidens sigh. Mr. Howlett, as Archibald Groesvenor, the "idyllic poet," does not quite so finished a job, but one that is more than adequate. Of the rapturous and ecstatic maidens, Miss Freeman as Lady Angela carries the essence of gush to its nth degree of imbecile charm, and is splendidly serious about it. Miss Arcaro's antics as the robust spinster Jane, would satisfy the most severe Gilbertian enthusiast. Of the entire cast, only the dragoon officers failed to achieve the full spirit demanded.

For Your List of Plays

Two Married Men—Reviewed above.
Pigs—Reviewed next week.
Patience—Reviewed above.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts side by side.
New Brooms—Frank Craven delightful in his own comedy.
Old English—Reviewed above.
Othello—A splendid production.
Peter Pan—Marilyn Miller and Broadway mixed up in Barrie's play.
S. S. Glencairn—O'Neill at his earliest and least interesting.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play, with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BOOKS

An Introduction to Philosophy, by James H. Ryan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Who has not asked himself, Who am I?
Why am I here? Whither am I going?

THE questions are as old as humanity. The totem pole and the well equipped grave of prehistoric man or of remote savage races, today show that questions beyond answer through common observation are innate in the human mind. They have never been answered; probably they never will be in this life; but the more developed our minds become, the more intensely interesting such inquiries become. Philosophy is the department of thought which deals with these problems and others akin to them, such as the puzzle of the nature of the universe, of life and of knowledge.

Taking up the study of human surroundings where science drops it at the outer boundary of material facts, philosophy carries on the process to the limits of the knowable, where it relinquishes the task to theology. It is in fact a super-science which has all the other sciences and the human mind as well, providing it with matter for analysis and synthetic construction of the truth. It is in fact an all-embracing, the all-embracing field of research upon the highest questions which can engage our attention.

It is strange, then, that as Dr. James H. Ryan notes in the opening of his Introduction to Philosophy there has been a tendency in colleges and among students generally to neglect this field of acquirement. Philosophy is, or has been, more or less out of fashion in recent years. It has been regarded as unpractical, because it led to no such working facilities and advantages as chemistry or mechanics or electricity. In view of the visible products of the physical sciences, there has been a tendency to neglect it.

In fact, such an attitude is shallow and harmful. It is fortunately disappearing. It is the all too common error of ignoring the higher things which are important to the mind, the spirit, for the sake of every day gains and material enjoyments. From the point of view of education, there is no branch which has a higher disciplinary effect than philosophy in all its branches. From the broader viewpoint of general intellectual training and equipment, there is nothing which gives finer pitch, broader range or better equipment for the attainment of high ideas and the enjoyment of greater things than the possession of some philosophical lore and the habit of thinking along correct lines and according to valid principles. In a word, it is not merely to the scholar that philosophy is a prize, but to the man in the street, because it helps to lift him above and beyond the street.

Dr. Ryan has had both classes of prospective readers in sight in preparing this handbook. Perhaps it was primarily planned as a textbook, and it is an excellent one, complete, clear and systematic; but it is so arranged and written that anyone may find it attractive. Perhaps it may be too elementary for the "professional" philosopher, but even advanced amateurs will find profit in its unraveling of the problems which make up the content of philosophy, its clear definition of each and review of the several solutions that have been proposed with the arguments in favor of and against them.

The method of presentation is topical not historical, but upon each question, the great names of those who have attempted to answer it, with the main points of their proposals,

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are given. Thus, while the reader has the advantage of natural or logical unfolding of the entire subject, he is constantly kept aware of the fluctuation and progress of thought among philosophers from Aristotle to Thomas Aquinas and from Hobbes to Kant and Bergson.

Dr. Ryan is himself an adherent of the dualistic realistic school of thought. The universe he regards as made up of matter and spirit, both separate and independent existences, but related to each other and mutually inter-acting. Of course he sees clearly the existence of God as the supreme force in nature, but he points out the fallacy of Bishop Berkeley's theory that matter exists only in the divine mind. Naturally, he rejects utterly the other monistic theory that all things come out of matter and that mind is a function of physical processes. The moral idea, he points out, is a part of human nature itself, and in the mind lies the sanction of morality. Nevertheless, God is the "ultimate sanction" of morality. Obviously so, for is He not the creator of the human mind? "Viewing the universe as an orderly unit" we must recognize God "not only as the source of all being and thought," but as the final lawgiver as well.

As will be seen from this, there is nothing of modern scepticism or atheism or materialism in Dr. Ryan's book though all are fully explained. It is absolutely religious in conception, but it is not a work of devotion or religious propaganda. It is what it pretends to be, a treatise on philosophy. It simply gives full credence to religion at one extremity as to physical science at the other, each in its proper sphere. Above all, there is nothing sectarian in the text. Although the author belongs to the faculty of the Catholic University of America, and the book has the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes, there is not anything in it which an adherent of any other faith could not read with acquiescence, so long as he believes in God, the soul, and the moral destiny of the race.

Each chapter is supplemented with a list for supplementary reading and in notes references are given through which particular details of theory and reasoning may be followed up in more extended reviews of philosophy or in the works of the original thinkers. The plan is very practical, the collection of material is painstaking and the candor of the presentation of views, whether approved or negatived, is most praiseworthy. The book may be read with trust. Considering the subject, too, it is lucid and easy. It should be of great utility not to college students alone, but to the general searcher for light in this all important region of study.

JAMES LUBY.

Henry Thoreau: Bachelor of Nature, by Léon Bazalgette. Translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THOREAU is both a peculiarly grateful and an extraordinarily difficult subject for the biographer. His life, superficially barren of the outward show of drama, was singularly rich in its veritable stuff; that significant, varied and profound inward experience upon which all salient actions must ultimately rest. It is only in the light of that inward life that the brief record of Thoreau's career in the world has any meaning or any dramatic value. The task of his biographer has therefore been to make us share that secret life as completely as possible, and by so doing, to make its meaning and its value clear. A difficult task at best, exacting subtle insight and acute perception, its difficulties were enhanced by the fact that however abundantly informing are Thoreau's writings, his voluminous journals and his correspondence, his excessive reticence made them only an incomplete revelation of personality. A complex, reticent spirit living a contemplative life; scarcely an easy subject for even a highly gifted biographer! And yet a man who made his total career the expression of a philosophy, who cultivated experience as itself an art, who came twice into dramatic conflict with society; surely a grateful subject for the discerning biographer!

It is not, therefore, the meager and bleak Thoreau of literary tradition who emerges from M. Bazalgette's volume. Nor is it the saturnine, irresponsible and somewhat barbarian hermit whose fierce integrity won him the respect of his philosophically earnest neighbors while it slightly chilled their philosophic desire to love their fellow-man. The Thoreau portrayed by M. Bazalgette is more vitally human than the one, and more profoundly intellectual than the other, of these long familiar figures. That his life and his character were of a piece with his thought is demonstrated again and again; in his refusal to pay the church tax, in his resignation from the Concord school because of a disbelief in flogging; in his seclusion at Walden, in his imprisonment for non-payment of war tax, in his refusal to mortgage his freedom to steady employment, in his passionate and eloquent defense of John Brown. It is no wonder that Thoreau ultimately broke with Emerson; his thought was solid and practical, and with him it was a principle to translate thought directly into conduct. Nor is it remarkable that he should have failed to establish a friendship with Walt Whitman on the occasion of their sole meeting; both sought the same ends, but the paths of their seeking were too remote for contact.

Yet friendship, as an intimate communion of equals, was an ideal cherished throughout his life by Thoreau, and destined to be realized fully only once—and but briefly. The relationship between Henry and his elder brother John, the colleague of his three years of teaching and the companion of his famous week on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, remained the standard for every other relationship of his life. And it was a standard too high to meet with more than unequal approximation. Was it the intolerable shyness of Thoreau that made him at once so eager for friendship and so reluctant to move toward it? Was it his aversion for the narrow decorum and small conventionalities of village life in Concord? Was it his absolute independence of spirit, his almost eccentric self-reliance, his reluctance to compromise the integrity of his individuality? Probably all of these. And certainly among the most moving pages of M. Bazalgette's biography are those which reveal the ironic and tragic consequences of Thoreau's adventures in friendship. Was it the inevitable disillusion of these adventures which gave to his later communion with nature the accent of greater intensity? His biographer hints at this—

"To carry, every day, over all the paths of the waste lands, like a burden you could not do without, your anxious care for men. To return from your ramble, with the thought sticking to you like a burr. To cherish nature in your heart and consecrate to her your best hours because there is no friend in the world who, like this companion, gives you the savor of your own humanity, yours and that of all your kind."

Yet if at the last Thoreau was to feel a greater security in solitude and nature than in the society of men, it was probably

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less because society had disillusioned him than because nature had been the earliest of his familiars.

Of Thoreau's relation to society his biographer gives a lucid account. Society did not possess the power to disillusion him; he expected nothing of it, and what he received did not therefore astonish him. Nothing is more indicative of his attitude than that the Brook Farm attempt to perfect the individual in a communal society should have led Thoreau to make the opposite experiment of attempting to perfect the individual in solitude. The sojourn at Walden was as logical an expression of his thought as was his refusal to continue making pencils when he had been praised for having made the finest pencil produced in America. He had a profound conviction of the unique value and dignity of individual life. But if life is to have value it must be made free, and that freedom must be dedicated to noble ends. If life is to have dignity the individual must be as self-sufficient as possible; little time must be wasted in purely utilitarian tasks; "a man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can do without." For him, at least, the two years at Walden provided a test of his beliefs and a demonstration of their practicability. The individual might be made free by the expenditure of some small effort and some fine renunciations. With his freedom earned, he might cultivate life as an art; on fourteen acres of woodland had not he, Thoreau, brought the universe within the terms of his experience? Thenceforward his life was to be a perpetual translation of his theory into conduct. A few weeks of each year spent in any form of manual labor that chanced to offer itself; the rest of the year was his own.

Much has always been made of the anti-social aspects of Thoreau's thought, and two dramatic episodes of his career lend weight to this emphasis. M. Bazalgette restores a fairer balance by giving these episodes their appropriate background. Thoreau's disbelief in the objects of the Mexican War obliged him to refuse his support in the only way possible—by refusing to pay his tax. The Concord authorities felt equally obliged to uphold the law by jailing him. Emerson, shocked out of his philosophic equanimity by the arrest, hastened to jail with his question—"Why are you in there?" only to be answered by Thoreau's bland inquiry—"Why are you outside?" It was like Thoreau to make this answer, as it was like him to be furious the next morning when he was released because his family had paid his tax. The other dramatic incident in his career came many years later, after the capture and imprisonment of John Brown. During all his life, Thoreau had held aloof, on principle, from government and politics and the concerns of the community. Yet when Brown was captured and his fate no longer in doubt, Thoreau's passion flamed up, and for once this diffident, inarticulate and unsuccessful lecturer blazed into eloquence in a ringing public defense. It was not without irony that his last important act should have taken place in public and have been directed toward what he felt was the public good.

It is perhaps this explicit challenge of Thoreau's thought and conduct which constitutes today their most interesting aspect. His doctrine of austerity, his counsel of self-reliance, his faith that life is not only itself an art, but the noblest of arts; these have meaning and value for any age. But he speaks to us today with deepest significance when he challenges us, as Americans, to define our ideals and forces us to examine whether we have woven those ideals into the very texture of our lives. His vision was sharper, his thought more vigorous than that of Emerson, and if he lacked Emerson's essential optimism he would seem to have been justified. One fancies him looking at the America of today, with the vast mechanical control of environment prophesied by Emerson now an accomplished fact, and asking whether it has brought us greater individual freedom, and if so, to what uses we have dedicated it. In the last analysis this patient, scientific, realistic observer of nature for whom all nature came in the end to be coterminous with his native parish, seems far from negligible in the rôle of social philosopher.

Thoreau's whole career was a singularly consistent illustration of his own remarkable definitions of success in life. That the individual should know clearly what for him constitutes success would seem an elementary obligation of intelligence. Yet how rare is that special wisdom, and how infrequent is its expression in either conduct or literature! "Regrets," says M. Bazalgette, "would have been inconsistent with this feeling that he had spent existence well."

"To have preserved the brightness of that marvelous gift. Not to have let it grow moldy. Not to have spoilt it. To have remained an artist who, behind his varied occupations, behind his apparent idleness, behind his very savagery, had firmly practised an art, trained himself in it, perfected it unceasingly. Was not that worth the sacrifice of some of the little things to which men seem to cling so desperately? One cannot have everything, and as he reckoned it all up he did not repent his choice."

M. Bazalgette has told Thoreau's story with an art worthy of his subject. He has not coldly analyzed Thoreau's mind. He has rather made Thoreau reveal himself, as far as possible, through what he wrote, and has woven this revelation into an imaginatively re-created inner life. It is by making us feel with Thoreau the effect of life upon the spirit that M. Bazalgette has made us know the man. That the book should be a sensitive record of nature is hardly remarkable in view of the subject. But that it should likewise be a sensitive picture of life is a distinct achievement. That M. Bazalgette's book will become the definitive biography of Thoreau is almost inevitable; but it will be read by many for its own beauty and its own art. It remains to be said that the author has been peculiarly fortunate in his translator; Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has given an English rendering as precise and fluent and harmonious as the original French.

LLOYD MORRIS.

The Glory of Don Ramiro, by Enrique Larreta, translated by L. B. Walton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IT HAS been an old complaint of readers and publishers that in the matter of Spanish historical fiction there has been such a scarcity. There has been some foundation, indeed, for such complaint among scholars and students of the Spanish renaissance, seeing the vast documentation of the scholars left quite without any employment by the writers of popular themes or even the use of human characterization except in novels devoted to exploiting the horrors of the Inquisition or the boyish adventuring of the explorers and conquistadores. Yet all this time there has remained unnoticed by publisher or translator a very remarkable study of the most interesting and important period of Spanish civilization in the novel, La

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Gloria De Don Ramiro, published in Madrid in 1908, and rendered in French by Remy de Gourmont in 1910. Señor Enrique Larreta, for years Ambassador of the Argentines at Paris, is clearly a man of one book, and this book a real masterpiece, recognized throughout the world as marking an epoch in Spanish historical fiction. A perusal of Mr. C. B. Walton's translation makes one feel the superfluity of his apologies: one senses immediately that he has caught all the spirit of the original and transferred it in the best possible form into our English tongue. He has, therefore, the distinction of adding to our collection of foreign classics another *chef-d'oeuvre* in a durable and beautiful version.

Señor Larreta's knowledge and study are evident from the beginning of his work, which is leisurely and cultured in its expression. His types are well-chosen to represent the ripe old civilization at Avila, the aristocratic forms of elegance during the Spanish renaissance, the difficulties and menace of the Moslem and Jewish elements in the community, and the vivid, repressed forces of the different yet somewhat allied races that were forging their destinies at the end of the sixteenth century.

Everything that was old and venerable at this time figured in the surrounding and education of the young Don Ramiro; he was of the blood of the moriscoes, the hated Moorish element, but his irregular paternity was concealed by his mother's marriage to the scion of a great house. The psychology of his character under the strictly orthodox education of the old Canon Lorenzo Vargas Orozco, is developed on modern scientific lines: the religious enthusiasm of his early youth; the chivalrous outbursts of his early manhood; the passionate relaxation of his oriental nature; the sin and the penance; the dark melancholies and sombre romances of his riper years; the horrors of the suppression of the Comuneros by Philip II; the murder of his faithless mistress; a superb, terrible account of the auto-da-fé in Toledo; the tragic discovery of his real paternity as he is about to kill his own father, and his flight from Spain for the New World in 1605—all are beautifully rendered by Señor Larreta.

In Lima, the City of the Kings, Ramiro now a poor outcast, has turned bandit, hounded by memories of the pieties of his early youth and the clutch of passions that had fixed upon his broken body. He plans to carry off the beautiful daughter of Gaspar Flores, and encounters her in her garden, where she begins to "speak at length upon the true and divine Love in words which had, doubtless, been inspired by Heaven," and he beats a retreat, only to haunt her thereafter from a distance, to lead the life of a poor hermit devoted to the sick and unhappy Indians, and to take their place at work in the mines. She was the maiden who is now canonized as Saint Rose of Lima.

In the final paragraph of the book, she enters the church to find his emaciated form lying in the coffin—

"She let fall upon his breast a flower, then another and another. . . . The church was but dimly illuminated by the early morning light which fell in livid splendor through the stained-glass windows, and the veil of incense drowsing in the naves was rent from time to time, as though the wings of angels were beating in the gloom. Rose de Santa Maria fell devoutly on her knees and murmured a prayer for the soul of the dead man lying there. And that was the Glory of Don Ramiro."

THOMAS WALSH.

BRIEFER MENTION

Tomorrow and Tomorrow, by Stephen McKenna. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW is the last volume of the sequence that began with Sonia, continued through Midas and Son, and Sonia Married. Tomorrow and Tomorrow unrolls the panorma of post-war London, intellectually agog, frustrated, "crying for madder music and for stronger wine." Across its page reappear the gay Sonia, Eric Lane the playwright, restless, lovely Ivy Maitland, O'Rane, the visionary, Barbara the wife of George Oakleigh, and his Uncle Bertrand. Their lives are reflection of the times. All are victims of the pomp and circumstance and disillusionment that has diverted their individual destinies into the common trend. Oakleigh and his Uncle edit an independent Liberal weekly, devoted to the reëstablishment of valid Liberal thought and the promotion of world-wide peace. But they are but straws in a current of clashing passion, prejudice, and mad industrial unrest. All the public questions since the war, parade the pages. In the telling, McKenna, the story teller, has given way to the social historian.

Rose of the World, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

KATHLEEN NORRIS presents this season's variant on the eternal Cinderella. She is Rosalind Ruth Tallifer Kirby, now the only support of a family that once had everything. She is our popular heroine right off the magazine covers. We all love her. She is a great relief from the world we know. Her hair is burning gold, above mad blue eyes with long thick lashes, and her cheeks have the tint of apricot. The scion of the family which owns the Iron Works, loves her; and she returns his affection. But his mother has other ambitions for her son; so the scion minds his mother and jilts Rosalind. But shadows are only something to make the sunshine brighter. After a certain amount of darkness, distress, and humble acceptance, the silver lining is shown to Rosalind. The well known adventitious papers appear at the right moment, and things become brighter. On the whole it's a very pleasant picture of a California village with a moving story. True, its an old, old story, but Mrs. Norris embellishes it with a certain amount of freshness and persuasiveness.

A Passage to India, by E. M. Foster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a finely-wrought psychological differentiation between the mental attitudes of the Hindu and Anglo-Saxon. It sensitively reflects the adumbration of states of mind in contact with environment. True, the story is slight, but of real merit. It is discriminatingly free of the jingo. So of course it is antipathetic to the Kipling imperialism. If you don't think that Kipling has said the last word, in why the twain shall never meet, you will find this book engrossing.

After the Verdict, by Robert Hichens. New York: George H. Doran. $2.00.

THIS is a tale of singular mysterious happenings. A rather unusual murder mystery, which features the influence of a court trial and acquittal upon the mind of the defendant. A well done thriller with a perfected atmosphere and style which place it at the head of books of this genre.

EDWIN CLARK.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The door of the library banged noisily with the exit of an excited lady visitor. Dr. Angelicus looked the picture of woe. The Editor, Primus Criticus and Miss Anonymoncule, entering, saw at once that he was disturbed. About him lay a confusion of manuscripts, books, papers, fountain pens, blue pencils. A tear coursed from his weak left eye over the cheek ruddy from fire-light. Miss Anonymoncule snatched off her marabou boa and hurried to his side—

"But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men—"

she exclaimed sympathetically. "What has happened?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Great poetry is born from the depths of great grief," replied the Doctor. "I can only relate my sorrow in verse. Listen!" And with one finger raised he chanted oracularly—

"There once was a quite Quiet Corner
But for quietude now I'm a mourner,
Came a poetess wheezing
Upset ink-wells by sneezing—
'No admittance' in future I'll warn 'er."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Deterioration!" cried the Editor. "Let us not allow the hallowed scholarly atmosphere of the Quiet Corner to be tainted with the low limerick. I beg you, Doctor, if you must think in poetry, model your lines on those of Shakespeare and Milton."

"I have for my model," replied Angelicus, "none other than the great St. Thomas Aquinas."

"Doctor Angelicus, I have always respected your veracity," remarked Primus Criticus, "but now—"

The Doctor interrupted him by waving a copy of the London Morning Post for December 30, 1924 in has face. "Here is my authority," said he. "It states that St. Thomas Aquinas himself was the perpetrator (shall we say unconsciously) of a pious limerick incorporated in the Roman Missal among the prayers to be said in the thanksgiving of the priest after his Mass. Word for word the Latin falls into an almost perfect limerick form—

'Sit vitiorum meorum evacuatio,
Concupiscentiae et libidinis exterminatio,
Charitatis et patientiae,
Humilitatis et obedientiae
Omniumque virtutum augmentatio.—'

"An English version of this—attempted with many pluckings of forelocks and mustaches—results as follows—

My various vices expelling,
The death of concupiscence knelling,
With charity, patience,
Obedience that chastens,
All virtues infusing and swelling."

And the Doctor, a bit out of breath, sank triumphantly into his chair.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"After all, there may be an affinity between the ecclesiastical mind and the limerick mind," said Primus Criticus. "Langford Reid in the International Book Review, quotes some limericks sent him for his forth-coming volume, The Complete Limerick Book. Father Ronald Knox is credited with three—the first entitled Modernist Prayer—

Oh God, for as much as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee,
Help us all by Thy Grace
To convince the whole race
It knows nothing, whatever, about Thee.

"The two others read—

There was a young man who said, 'Damn!
At last I've found out that I am
A creature that moves
In determinate grooves,
In fact not a bus, but a tram.'

There once was a man who said, 'God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad.'

"Father Knox also selected as one of his favorites—

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes;
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other took several prizes."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"It seems that Dean Inge of St. Paul's," continued Primus Criticus, "is the author of

There was a good Canon of Durham,
Who swallowed a hook and a worrum,
Said the Dean to the Bishop,
'I've brought a big fish up,
But I fear we may have to inter'm.'

"The Dean apparently favoring the maxim, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, selects as his favorite limerick—

There was an old man of Khartoum,
Who kept two black sheep in his room.
'They remind me,' he said,
'Of two friends who are dead'
But he never would tell us of whom.

"While the Countess of Warwick, believing with St. Thomas that the limerick is worthy of being dignified by Latin, gives as her favorite—

There was an old man of Saxmundham,
Qui habuit ventrem rotundum.
He borrowed five pounds
From a master of hounds
And rudely refused to refund 'em."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"In all of which I am justified," said Angelicus complacently.

"Perhaps to us, but not to the lady who was the inspiration of your limerick," said the Editor. "If you value the possibility of composing future limericks, never let her hear it. Remember that *she* writes poetry." —THE LIBRARIAN.

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